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Darling tell me...

● This story was written by an airman who has returned from a prison camp in Germany. William Lyle is not his real name, but these were his reflections when he came back home.

THE first night after I got back, I found it very hard to talk. After dinner she came and sat on the arm of my chair, put her arm across my shoulder and we sat quietly, just like we used to do before I went away.

But things just weren't the same. I wanted to talk. I wanted to tell her how proud I was of the way she had behaved during the past years. How proud I was that she had stuck to me, and how much I loved her.

I thought of one or two chaps whose wives had not stuck to them, and I felt sick at the thought of what would have happened if she had not waited for me.

Now I was back, I could forget the killing boredom and the unnamed fears of prison life. Even now, sitting in the armchair, with her arm lying across my shoulder, and the faint smell of her scent in my nostrils, it seemed to me as if I had never been away.

After we had sat in silence for a long while she turned my face toward her and said: "Darling, tell me, what was it really like in that horrid prison camp? I could never get a really good idea from your letters."

Immediately there rose to my lips the usual answer I had given to the

many people who had asked this question since I had returned:

"Not too bad; a bit short of food at times."

But this was my wife, a woman who was entitled to know for her own sake, so that any changes in myself would be explained for her.

I could start from the beginning—how I was shot down and captured.

I could tell her how the 20-year-old Luftwaffe pilot who shot me down had sent me a bottle of wine and two cigars. How the Polezai Feldwebel had spat in my face. How the civilians had stood round us on Cologne station threatening. How they had interrogated.

No, the main camp where I spent most of my years as a prisoner—that would be the main influence; that, and the march we did last winter.

If I wanted to amuse her, I could tell her all the funny things that happened, but prison life wasn't funny.

I could tell her of the tragedy of prison life. How Christmas time was the time most fellows attempted suicide, but very few fellows did attempt it.

I could tell her of the excitement of escapes, the tricks we used to get people out of camp; of escapes that needed cool nerve, bluff, patience, and skilful planning.

Although escaping or working for others to escape formed the major

By
**WILLIAM
LYLE**

part of life of officers in a prison camp, it was by no means all of it.

I could tell her of the books I read; the subjects I studied, and how difficult it was to study in a room where half a dozen other officers were amusing themselves, or someone was pacing about the room irritably.

Then there were periods when food was scarce. I could tell her, when you are really hungry the pain in your stomach will not let you sleep. I would do anything rather than see her hungry, but I think she knows that.

What changes are there in myself as a result of these experiences, these four years of my life which must for always remain a separate life locked in my own mind?

I am changed, I think, and hope that I am a better man than I was four years ago.

More tolerant

I AM much more tolerant of my fellow creatures. I can adapt myself to other people more easily, but every soldier learns that to a certain extent. I do not feel sorry for myself as readily as I used to.

Now I judge my fellows as men. I have lost all snobbishness, and am not awed by big people in high places any more.

In prison camp one does a lot of thinking, and a lot of talking. Probably arguments formed the major portion of our impromptu entertainment.

Once, the six of us in our room argued off and on for three days about the objective and subjective views of beauty.

Before I became a prisoner, I had no thoughts for beauty beyond accepting it. I appreciate all the arts much better now.

All this would lead her to believe that I and all ex-prisoners had developed into super-men.

She might not understand that, when I say I am a better man at this now, it may only mean that I have come to know how bad I was at it before, and that I have perhaps improved a little.

There are other ways in which

Every Woman!

"Coverspot"
Conceals Blemishes"



what was it like in the prison camp?

exists because, for all that exist, prisoners must be unselfish. But all the time one develops the habit of watching in case someone is taking you down.

Then, too, one becomes bitter. Friends who in the first flush of sympathy wrote to you find the rather one-sided correspondence dull, and cease writing.

It was hard, too, to hear of people in the Service who had not your misfortune to be shot down, and were promoted and decorated.

I am more tolerant of people, more understanding, but much more cynical and bitter than I used to be. Even now, I am losing that bitterness and cynicism. This woman with her arms across my shoulder is helping me readapt myself.

She is helping me lose the bad influences of prison life. I only hope I can keep the good ones. It is up to me, and with her help I will be a better man.

So I slowly put my arm round her waist and said: "Oh, it wasn't too bad. Bit hungry at times, but it could have been much worse."

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MAIDEN WITH BUTTERFLIES

By . . .
TOM POWERS

FANTASTIC adventure begins for a beautiful blonde Chicago cigarette girl when she helps an Indian prince escape from a mob of gangsters, then undertakes to recover a ruby ring which the gangster leader, whom she calls Pimples, has stolen from him.

Tracking Pimples to Mulloy's hotel, she finds herself swept to the gambling tables, where an attractive young man calling himself Wens claims acquaintance with her. Finally running Pimples to earth in an upstairs room, she is planning to take the ring from him when a knock comes at the door.

The gangster thrusts her into an adjoining bathroom, threatening to kill her if she makes a sound. Now read on—

I COULDN'T bear the thought of standing there in that bright bathroom, with I didn't know who may be seeing in, so I switched off the light and stood there in the dark, listening while Pimples opened the outer door.

I stood there with my hands on the wet marble washstand behind me, and I got myself into this, and I got nobody but myself to blame, I thought. And that was when it first came over me that somebody else, besides me, was in that dark bathroom. Somebody sure was in there.

I didn't move or yell. And then the butterflies began to ask up in my stomach again, making me feel sick.

When he spoke close to my ear, it was just like those horror pictures.

"Keep still," he mumbled.

"Who are you?" I says.

"Yancel," he says, and then I knew why he couldn't talk plain. He was one of the gang, and Pimples had punched him in the mouth when they quarrelled over taking the ring.

"I come in the window," he says. "When we started to fix the operator, she gives out that this is a cheap room, see, and that these cheap rooms here ain't got no phones in, so I come up. But there was another guy come up in the elevator with me, and he got out at this floor, too, a little ahead of me, and he stopped at Pimples' door, so I climb out of the hall window on to the fire escape, see? And I come to listen at this window, and it was open and dark, so I got in. What's cooking?" he says.

"He knocked on the hall door," I says. "He's talking to Pimples now."

"Who is he?" he says.

"How would I know?" I says.

"What did he look like?" But just then we heard Pimples' voice mad as a hornet, yelling, "Get out of here!" And we both kept still and listened.

This other man, whoever he was, laughed loud and drunk-sounding, and then we heard something that sounded like somebody had trashed on the floor hard.

Then there was a hand on the knob of the bathroom door and Yancel, like a cat, was back in the dark corner down under the window, and the door opened and the light was hitting me in the eyes so bright I couldn't see right away who it was standing there, laughing like a silly drunk, saying, "Come out, Lady, come out."

It was Mr. Wens, drunker than you would think anybody could ever have gotten in such a very little while.

So I came out, and there was Pimples, upside down, where Mr. Wens must of pushed him into a chair that fell over backward. So I shut the bathroom door and Mr. Wens kept laughing. I could see Pimples must of hit his head hard against the wall, because he sure looked groggy. And then I saw the ring on the floor.

There was the prince beaming, and his attendants all big-eyed as I handed back the ring.

Wens was weaving back and forth and laughing.

"Look at him," he says, "Just a little push. I came up to give you your winnings," he says, "and he wasn't polite, so I pushed him." And he took a double handful of blue chips out of his coat pockets and "Here," he says, and he poured 'em into my hands.

"Look," he says, "you sure were lucky."

I took 'em and poured the blue chips all over Pimples.

"There!" I says, and I picked up the ring.

"Good!" says Mr. Wens. "Come on," and he opened the hall door.

As we went out I turned round. "That'll more than pay you, Pimples," I says, and I followed Mr. Wens out in the hall, and he shut the door, but not before I saw Yancel come darting out of the bathroom like a ferret and start scooping up the blue chips.

Just as we got to the head of the stairs the elevator door opened down the hall, and the gangsters all got out of it, all close together, but they didn't see us because Mr. Wens grabbed my hand and pulled me down the steps faster than any drunk could possibly go. And I see he wasn't drunk at all.

We slowed up as we got to where people could see us, and we walked out of the door on to the dark sidewalk. As we came out a motor made a quick speeding-up sound and a big black car slid up and stopped. The door opened and Mr. Wens pushed me in.

The door slammed, and the car slid away from Mulloy's, and there we sat on the two jump seats, and I was just about to heave a sigh of relief when I looked in front of us at the backs of the two big men in black coats and hats, and I saw their necks was brown.

I glanced at the two men in the seat behind us, and they was brown men with black coats and hats, too, and so I knew what car it was we was in.

I looked at Mr. Wens and he was grinning. "Who are they?" I says.

"Indians," he says.

"Do you know them?"

"We never was properly introduced," he says, "because they can't speak English, but we nod to each other in passing."

And that's how it went, he kept kidding and wouldn't tell me nothing.

"You're quite a gal," he says. "And I got to ask you something before we get to where we're going. Do you know what you got in your hand?"

"Yes," I says.

"Do you know what it's worth?"

"No," I says.

"Well," he says, "it's worth about as much as that," and he pointed to the Wrigley Building.

"Do they know that?" I says, nodding at the quartet that was all round us.

"Yes," he says.

"Do they know I got it?"

"They hope you have, but don't show it to 'em or they'll all four kiss you at once."

"Do you know the little gentleman that had it hung round his neck?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "he does speak English, so we got formally introduced."

"Are you working with these men?" I says.

"Yes," he says.

"And you and they," I says, "must of been trying to get it away from him," I says.

"We was watching him," he says. I couldn't make him out. He still looked like some society playboy; no hat, and his tux not like either a waiter that rents it, or a movie actor with too wide shoulders and too pinched waist.

I remembered reading in stories that jewellery thieves was different, better educated than them that deals in other stuff—more genteel, they got to be.

"I guess these men would kill me to get it away from me," I says.

"You're all right, as long as you don't try to run away," he says, and he lit a cigarette. "Oh, sorry," he says, "have one?"

"No thanks," I says.

"You are a game kid," he says, "and I want you to do something you may not want to."

"What?" I says.

"How'd you like to go to Mexico?"

"I can't," I says. "What for?"

"Well, now listen quick, before we get to where we're going. I got to tell you the truth. I'm not the boss. My boss is a pretty smart guy. He's a gent of the name of Hoover. He says, "and his boss is his Uncle Sam."

Before I could say a word, the car stopped, and it was the Trask again.

Mr. Wens got out and reached in for me. The four men sat still, looking like statues, and I went with him straight to the elevator.

It's stolen, I thought, and I've got it, I thought, and he's got me. Poor Pop, now when he's really beginning to get a little old, here I am, being took into this big hotel by a Federal man with a ring worth the Wrigley Building that he seen me grab off of a drunk gangster. And him taking me now to the owner of it to identify it before taking me off to gaol; though I didn't know we had gaols in Mexico.

He took my arm, and we stepped into the elevator, and it started up. There was morning papers in neat piles on the bench across the back of the elevator. I just looked down at them, and what was looking up at me, from a picture on that morning paper, but the little gentleman to whose upstairs parlor Mr. Wens was taking me.

Mr. Wens looked, too, at the paper, and then he looked at me and grinned. So he picked up the paper and gave the man a quarter and held the paper so I could read what it said over the picture.

Son of Indian Prince Visits Chicago, it said over it, and under it, "Prince Halla Bandah Rookh," it says, "second son of ruler of Indian principality was greeted by Mayor at airport, breaking his journey to Mexico and South America by private plane before he returns to"—and so on.

The elevator stopped and Mr. Wens took the paper and pushed my elbow and we was walking along that soft carpet toward the door.

"Listen," I says, "can I ask you something?"

"Later," he says, knocking on the door.

"This can't be happening," I says to myself, "I seen too many movies, I read too much in them magazines at the beauty parlor. This can't be happening. It just can't."

Please turn to page 23

Three Women in the House



BUT I can't give up our home, Hugh, men just don't understand how much a home means to a woman."

"It isn't as if we hadn't somewhere to go equally charming; it's not giving up a home, only a house," he argued.

"It's no good going over it all again," Janet told him, and added, as his train started to draw out from the platform, "I'll think up some scheme, so don't worry, darling."

Hugh had arrived home on leave this week-end with a vaguely apprehensive yet conspiratorial air.

What he had to say burst from him as they sat over their coffee, and Janet, tired from overwork and the strain of niggling economies, had listened to him with growing irritation and depression.

He had just had a long telephone conversation with Noel, his youngest brother, he said, who, on hearing that the running of Nuts Court was proving a financial strain, had the brilliant idea that they should change houses, and he would pay the difference in the worth of the two properties.

"You see, Noel's doing awfully well with his books, so he could easily afford to run the place, and their cottage would be quite large enough for us."

"But why should we, who have two children, move out and let a young newly married couple with none take our home?" Janet said furiously.

"I've just explained why," Hugh said patiently, "because my income has fallen almost to nil, and we can't carry on here on Army pay."

But Janet hadn't listened. She was seething with fury, as she pictured Noel and his wife, whom she disliked, snatching the house on which she had lavished such endless care. She had promised Hugh before he left, however, that she would think out a scheme to overcome their financial stress. Suddenly she thought of Ann and Celia.

Hectic experiment in communal living gave them all a new sense of values.

**By
NANCY JAY**

agree to give up the flat, and I'll go and join Janet at Nuts Court, and then you can buy the boat."

"You won't like living there, will you?"

"Why not? We got on awfully well when we shared a flat, and I'd a thousand times rather do that than live in a messy little boat."

"Of course, if you feel like that—"

"I do," Celia said, and went abruptly out of the room. He'll soon be sick of it, she told herself, and refused to think of the stubborn line of his mouth and chin.

Celia looked up impatiently from the book she was reading. "Who's that?" she asked. The knocking ceased, and Nicky dashed into the room; he had a jam jar full of tadpoles in one hand and a kitten in the other. He shut the door behind him with one muddy sandal.

"Nicky, I'm trying to read."

"Yes, I know, but I've nowhere to go. It's raining."

"What's wrong with the nursery?"

"Elizabeth is in there."

AFTER only ten days, Nicky and Elizabeth were fighting like cat and dog.

"Oh! very well, you can stay, if you don't make a noise," she said resignedly, and picked up her book again. She had yet to discover that the average healthy boy of seven is incapable of remaining noiseless in a room with one grown-up and one kitten. Before he went to bed her head ached, and at supper she said rather shortly to Janet, "I do think Nicky ought to learn to get on with other children," and was instantly amazed to see the look of furious outraged motherhood on Janet's face and the smug little expression of pleasure that came into Ann's.

"Of course, Eliza is a rather wild child," Ann said smoothly.

"Of course, she's never learnt much control." That was Janet. "But perhaps that's the modern idea."

"Oh! all children are spoilt nowadays," Celia said, trying to lighten the atmosphere, and was appalled by the resulting avalanche of words.

The next day it was still raining, and Elizabeth hit Roger four times, and Ann refused to punish her lest she started a complex.

Celia, watching them, picked up a magazine and unobtrusively went up to her attic, only to stop appalled at the door. Two large toads panted beneath a piece of glass in a cardboard box, a bunch of dead flowers and grass lay on the bed, while a half-eaten pear was on top of a new book. Celia took one step into the room and went downstairs.

In the kitchen she found Ann washing up (it was her turn), while

Elizabeth had brought her modelling wax on to the scrubbed deal table where Janet made pastry.

Another row pending, Celia thought, and hurriedly made her exit. It was quite true, Ann was hopelessly sloppy and untidy about the house, and Elizabeth's table manners were—well, natural in the extreme—but all the same there was an intelligence and easiness about Ann that in Janet seemed nowadays lacking.

The rain continued.

With the wet weather the household work seemed to double, and now that Janet had no assistance even for the rough work, she began to realise how much the good-natured "help" from the village had got through in her two hours each morning.

Meanwhile Nicky, growing more and more of an isolationist where the other children were concerned, insisted on using Celia's attic as he had done during spells of wet weather in the past.

Nor was Nicky the only intruder; on the rare occasions on which Celia found time to settle down to a book, knowing the children were safe in bed, or out, either Ann or Janet would come and fling herself down, and out would pour a long list of grievances.

It had never been like this in the flat, she thought sadly. Was it the possession of husbands that had changed them all so much? Or was she, herself, perhaps the fly in the ointment, because, being childless, she could not any longer understand their point of view? No, the truth of the matter was that at the flat they had all been so busy with work, falling in love, and planning for the future, that there had been no time for irritations to grow and magnify, and the little housekeep-

ing they did had still the flavor of novelty and independence.

"I'm going out for the day," Janet announced firmly one morning at breakfast. "Can I come, too?" Roger demanded instantly.

"No, you can't," Janet told her youngest with the utmost sternness, and added, "that is, if Auntie Celia and Auntie Ann will look after you."

"Certainly—so long as you don't insist on my being called 'Auntie Ann,'" Ann agreed.

Celia nodded and asked simply, "Going shopping?"

"No," Janet said.

"Where are you going, Mummy?" Nicky demanded.

Janet flushed. "Out," she replied, in such a voice that even Roger refrained from persisting, and Ann and Celia exchanged significant glances.

Ann, scraping out the cinders from the back of the fireplace, remarked sourly: "It's a pity she has to go the day it was her turn to do the kitchen floor."

Celia glanced up from the sink. Ann looked white and tired and worried, and her nerves were going to pieces. She was trying to study social history and economics in bed at night, and bring up Elizabeth in the modern manner during the day. The result was she was overtired, and Elizabeth, possessed of an extremely strong personality for a three-year-old, was playing up for all she was worth. Celia guessed, too, that Ann's streak of stubbornness refused to allow her to check her daughter even when she might have done, because she felt that in doing so she was siding with Janet's more old-fashioned, orthodox way of child training.

Please turn to page 15

*Dirty work—but who cares
when there's
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Crystal Evidence

His whole career depended now on a handful of tiny, shining fragments.

WHEN Claessen tilted the jar, thousands of tiny bright specks tumbled toward its lip, where they hung poised, as though eager to be spilled out.

"To think," Claessen muttered, "that those little things might send me to gaol, ruin my career."

He straightened the jar, and the particles levelled neatly and without sound, like sand; they became demure again; the walls and ceiling once more were dark.

"Send me to gaol, ruin my career," repeated Claessen, fascinated.

"What do you expect me to do?" rasped Aleck West. "Burst into tears?"

Aleck fitted the laboratory, which after all was his, conceived by him, stocked by him—much of it at his own expense. There among the test-tubes, retorts, Bunsen burners, acid baths, precision scales—there where the air reeked of chemicals—the crippled little wizard was not grotesque, but was perfectly at home. His long, nervous hands, his scanty figure as he hobbled about—for he had a clubfoot—were what you would expect of the inhabitant of such a chamber.

Easily the most modern-minded member of the Ridgerton police department, nevertheless, in the laboratory—from which he seldom stirred, and where he worked so fiercely and in such jealously guarded solitude—he appeared to be a magician among magical and terrifying pieces of apparatus nobody else understood.

The cats heightened this illusion. There were always cats in the laboratory. The one narrow window, which opened upon an alley, Aleck habitually and in all weather kept a little open, so that the cats could come and go; and he, who himself seemed never to have time for eating, fed them faithfully.

Even now, while Aleck and the large bland Claessen faced each other across the table, a tomcat dropped with the slightest of thuds from sill to floor; with tall superciliously high, it prowled past the bale of cotton into which Aleck West in his capacity as firearms expert was wont to shoot pistols and rifles, and from which he would pry the bullets for examination.

It peered into the darkroom—the door of which was ajar—and instantly turned away with a low indignant throat sound; at last, after a solemn loping run across the floor, it leaped to Aleck's lap. Here, confidently, and with an air of ownership, it curled up in lordly fashion.

Aleck stroked it; with the other hand he reached for a hard sweet. He was extremely fond of hard sweets, and there was always a jar of rock candy or a box of peanut brittle somewhere in the laboratory.

"It was good of you to see me, Sergeant."

Though the tomcat did not purr, Claessen did. Claessen always spoke in a purring whisper, and always smiled. The whisper was natural in the dim, fantastic office of the Identification Bureau—which this laboratory officially was—but Claessen would whisper anyway, anywhere.

He was a whisperer by nature, a conferrer in doorways and in corners, who seldom spoke in the presence of more than one other person. He was large, smooth, well fed, well dressed, and his nails glittered. He should not be called sinister, and it is probable that he was not inherently evil, but he was a man of many secrets—indeed, one to whom secrecy was the very substance of life's own breath.

He was an office-holder: that was his profession. He knew everybody, and almost everybody knew him, and a few even liked him a bit. He dealt in favors, and prospered. Ever since anybody could remember, and no matter which party

was in power, George Claessen had been Commissioner of This or Deputy Commissioner of That, or perhaps (though he was almost illiterate) Chief Clerk of Such-and-Such Court—positions that paid well, kept him out of the limelight, called for very little work, and best of all, supplied him with favors to trade.

If he was not notably efficient, he had kept clear of scandal. No doubt he took graft, but he was cautious and not too grasping; it was what an old-time politician would call honest graft, legitimate graft.

"Why'd you want to see me?" snarled Aleck West. "If you hadn't finagled to get that C card, you wouldn't be in a jam like this."

"You don't like me, do you, Sergeant?"

"No."

Claessen was still smiling, though a whit sadly, when he drew from a pocket a large silver flask. He slid a cup from the bottom of this, and pouring liquor into it, held it toward Aleck.

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

Claessen drained the cup in a neat, swift gulp, and afterward dabbed at his lips with a silk handkerchief.

"I'm a bit nervous about this business, naturally."

"You should be."

"Messik tells me the identification by that bystander could be questioned; after all, only the last number of the licence was seen, and there are thousands of cars whose numbers end with a nine. And I broke the headlight putting the car away."

"You ran her down and drove away, and you know you did!"

Claessen did not deny or affirm this accusation, and seemed not to have heard it. He took another drink. He did not show the drinks except by a faintly heightened pinkness of face; yet there was anxiety in his eyes.

"Messik says it might go bad with a man in my position, at a time like this, if—if the courts decide against me."

"It certainly will! Hasn't it ever occurred to you that the public is sick of unhorn politicians who dash round with C cards—especially when they kill old women and then drive on?"

"I am entitled to a C card," the Commissioner retorted with some dignity. "I am obliged to do a great deal of driving."

"At seventy miles an hour?"

"As I understand it, a certain number of fragments of glass were picked from the person of the unfortunate victim. Now if this glass can be proved to come from the broken headlight of my car—"

"Then you'll be good for a six-year, anyway—which isn't enough," Aleck finished. "Men like you ought to be sent up for life, I consider."

Claessen looked hurt, but he still smiled. Aleck scowled at him. There was nothing unusual about this. Aleck West treated all outsiders in this manner. His disagreeableness was no pose, nor was it a by-product of indigestion; rather it was the result of his pushing, pauseless impatience with the inefficiency and stupidity he found round him.

In Ridgerton he was almost a myth. He shunned publicity; and when he appeared in public at all it was fleetingly, attended always by First-Grade Detective Cassidy, his errand-boy, adorer, and self-appointed bodyguard. Mostly Aleck stayed in the laboratory, performing miracles. It was not often he admitted a man of Claessen's type.

"You've been pulling wires for three days to get here. Now, what is it you want?" Aleck demanded.

"To think," murmured Claessen,



his gaze on the small jar of crystals near the flask, "that such a little bunch of stuff could mean so much —"

"Never mind the poetry! You came to find out what my report's going to be, didn't you? Well, my report will be confidential, it will be official, it will be complete—and it will be honest."

"I'm sure of that, Sergeant."

"I hope you didn't come here with the idea of trying to bribe me?"

"Most certainly not!"

The man meant it. He was not clever, but neither was he a fool, and just now he was very eager to make Aleck West believe that bribery had never been intended.

"I only thought, Sergeant, that since we used to be co-workers—"

"Huh?"

"Well, I once served as Assistant Commissioner of Police—"

"Yes, and tried to get my bureau's appropriation cut because you said it was a lot of tommyrot!"

"I was badly mistaken then, Sergeant. You have done wonders

understand, no." But was the irascible little man touched by pity? His lip curled. "But anyway, I'll try."

He leaned back, stroking the tomcat, and he talked about the identification of glass fragments. His voice did not rasp now; he made no effort to be impolite. When he worked or discussed his work he was no longer jumpy. He was a different man then—cold, dry, precise, a thinking-machine, an infallible filing-case of knowledge.

So, nasally and without emotion, he talked of the refractive indices of silicates; of Winchell's and Wright's tables of constants; or the determination of the absolute and relative specific gravity of fragments by the Kirk and Russel technique—methylene iodide and chloroform plus a micro-pycnometer.

It was a lecture crammed with polysyllables and immense fractions. Though he did not look at his visitor as he spoke, Aleck did attempt, with some

patience, to make it clear that not only did the glass from one factory differ from that from another, and not only did successive batches made by the same formula show variations due to slight imperfections of measurements, but to the expert even different parts of the same batch might often vary in composition and physical properties.

"Glass is just glass to you," he finished, sneering, "but not to me."

Though few of the words themselves were clear to George Claessen, who heard them for the first time, their hugeness and the impressive manner in which they were spoken, together with the circumstances, the atmosphere, had stricken terror to his soul. Yet he continued to smile; and after swallowing twice, he even forced a note of enthusiasm.

"Sergeant, you're a wonder!"

"Yes," Aleck gently lifted the tomcat to the floor and rose. "Well,

now I wish you'd get out. I've got work to do."

He started toward the darkroom, but did not enter this. He stood a moment in thought, his back to Claessen. Then he returned to the table. Claessen was pouring a drink into the flask-cup.

"Sergeant, you've got to take a drink on that. A splendid piece of work! Ridgerton is honored by having a man so—"

"Oh, all right."

Aleck took the cup and drained it. He put it upon the table. He sat down again; and the tomcat, annoyed at having been disturbed, promptly returned to his lap.

Claessen's smile was not mechanical now, but resembled a grin, and his eyes danced maliciously.

"I don't mind telling you, Sergeant, that if you'd played your game right you could have convicted me. Because I did hit that woman, and killed her. I can say that now. I'm even glad to tell somebody—somebody who won't be in a position to pass the confession on. And, of course, the evidence is gone."

Aleck stroked the tomcat. "Don't gloat," he rebuked. "You're not half as smart as you think you are." He slipped a small mirror from the pocket of his black alpaca coat. "You think I didn't see what you did when my back was turned?" He nodded toward the empty cup, and the empty jar. "I had expected something like that."

The tomcat began a determined belated purr. There was no other sound. Aleck West nodded again to the jar which had held the crystals.

"That was not the evidence in your case, that stuff I just swallowed. I never told you it was. I simply left it in sight, and you jumped at the conclusion."

He stroked the cat, looking down at it, and his hands were marvelously gentle.

"Who'd pay any attention to a shot in here?" Claessen said grimly.

By D. B. CHIDSEY

for the department, in" your own way—wonders! Your reputation as a criminologist is nation-wide. Ridgerton is proud to number you—"

"Now that you've got that off your chest," interrupted Aleck, "will you please tell me why you're here?"

"Well, it's too much to hope that you'd give me some idea of the nature of your report? Yes, I thought so. But I wonder if you would be good enough to tell me if it is possible for science to say that certain small fragments of glass came from a certain larger piece?"

"Practically anything is possible to science nowadays," pronounced Aleck West. "Of course, it depends on who does the job."

His lack of modesty was as celebrated as his clubfoot.

"But could you explain—it doesn't seem possible to me—could you explain, in such a way that I'd understand?"

"Not in such a way that you'd

Please turn to page 15

*Cannot
shrink*

*Cannot
stretch*

Cannot fade

Easy to wash

Easier to dry

*Easiest
to iron*



Three different manufacturers—

"Lamour," "Rosecroft" and "Commander"—present Grafton Anti-Shrink styles. Available in all stores—although all styles might not be available at the one time, as deliveries from England have not yet improved. Grafton Anti-Shrink is also sold by the yard and in children's frocks by "Mafaine."

Look for the trade-mark on every yard of the selvedge...

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PPRIVATE IAN WOODRUFF was trying to explain to Corporal Willie Bagley about the cold lonely lump that had been inside him ever since he'd learned that Helen was going to marry someone else, but he only said, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I never felt like this before."

Willie snorted. He'd said to Woodie once, "The Army don't know it, but I been in gaol a couple of times." Willie Bagley—called Willie-the-Bag in the outfit—was the very last person whom Ian Woodruff's people would have chosen as his friend if they'd been doing the choosing.

"I don't think I'd feel as I do if these people we're doing the fighting for," Woodie gestured toward the crowd surging on all sides of them—"ever like me or my kind. Nobody's ever really liked me, I guess. I used to think Helen did at first. But I've told you about her. And as for other people, I always felt as if deep down they hated my father and his friends. They always resented our having things they couldn't have."

Willie looked at him and said, "I never expected to see a chap in trouble because he had too much money. His own money at that."

Woodie thought maybe that was what was his trouble. Money had always placed a barrier between him and all but a selected few. And those few seldom expressed emotion and were self-contained, because that was according to the way they had been brought up. They were different.

He could still remember the things Helen had said to him that last night, when they'd had the showdown.

"I like people, Woodie. You're suspicious of people; you think they hate you. You don't give people a chance to show how nice they are because you're so stand-offish. If you had no money for a while you'd learn what you're missing."

And then, when he'd asked her what that had to do with them personally, she'd said, "Do you think for a minute I'd ever shut myself off for life in a sort of tower with you and a few other poker-faced 'right people,' and never be able to get chummy with the milkman's wife if I liked her, or a fisherman's daughter if she and I happened to hit it off well? I like you, Woodie, but I couldn't stand that."

That had been just before he'd gone into the Army. Shortly after that Helen had become friendly with a Lieutenant and she was going to marry him to-morrow. Until Woodie had met Willie-the-Bag, he just hadn't been able to understand what she was driving at.

But being in the Army had changed his point of view on a lot of things. One of the things was the way he felt about Helen. He seemed unable to stop comparing all girls with Helen in a way that made all of them suffer from the comparison. Ever since he'd found out that she was to marry, there'd been that cold lonely lump inside him.

He said to Willie, "Maybe she was right, maybe it would have done me good if I hadn't had so much money for a while." But Willie just shrugged. He'd lost interest when they reached the main street.

They stopped and moved close against a building on the corner to be out of the crowds elbowing for right of way. For a second the crowd pressed in on them, jostled them, everyone hurrying. Then Willie said, "Well, I got to be going." Woodie turned north and plunged into the stream of people. When



"I'll have to give up sending this," he said, fumbling vainly in his pocket.

methodical, he never carried it anywhere else. But just the same he slapped the other pockets that could hold it. It was not in any of them.

He continued to sit very still, wooden-faced, and to think about his situation.

After a few moments he called his waiter over to him. "Would you please get the manager for me?" he said.

The waiter thought to himself, "Another 'I-used-to-get-service-here' type." And he went on his hurried way. He spoke to the head waiter as he passed. After a moment the head waiter came over to Woodie's table. He was a little round man with very pink cheeks.

He said, "You wish it to see me?" Woodie said, "Are you the manager?"

The little round man said, "All the time I am the manager. But these times I am sometimes, too, the head waiter, and sometimes I am the dishwasher. All the time, though, I am the manager."

"Well," Woodie said, "I have ordered a meal here. After I ordered it I found that I had left my wallet back at the barracks. I therefore wish to cancel the meal before the food is served and there is a loss to the restaurant. I have a small amount of loose money in my pocket which I would be glad to give you to pay any loss you have sustained. Or if your loss comes to more than that, and you will trust me, I will send you the remainder to-night when I return to the barracks. I am very sorry it happened."

The manager looked at him and said, "You have not eaten this meal? You do not intend to eat it?"

"No. I only want to cancel it, now that I have found I can't pay for it."

"Then," the manager said, "you are not a dead-beat. I would like you to have the meal, soldier. We

A Matter of MONEY

By
MURRAY HOYT

will hear no more about cancelling it. And I do not want your loose money. You will do Fred Goldman the honor to be his guest. Young Fred is still overseas. He is forgetting his wallet some time. I want someone to do for him what I do for you."

Woodie began, "I don't feel that I should—" but Fred interrupted him with an expansive gesture.

"Forget it. Snap it up, young man. Where soldiers are concerned I have a lemon meringue heart."

The meal arrived, and it was a good meal. Woodie ate it slowly because his pass allowed him to be away until six the next morning, and without money there was nothing to do. When he had finished he left the table. Fred waved good-bye from across the room and the cashier smiled and motioned him past. It was all very pleasant.

Outside he stood against the building to decide what to do. A man who had come out of the restaurant behind him stopped.

The man said, "I was sitting at the next table and I heard what you said to Fred. If you want to go anywhere, I got my cab parked round the corner. We ain't supposed to cruise, but I was going to start cruisin', an' I might as well cruise in your direction."

Woodie said, "I was going to a telegraph office. I—I could walk if—"

"Come right along," the taxi-driver said heartily. "There's one just nearby. Right on my way. My name's Pete. Pleased to meetcha."

They walked round the next corner and found the taxi. Woodie climbed in and they started. When they stopped for the first traffic light Pete said, "Sort of upsets your plans for the evening, doesn't it?"

Woodie admitted that it did.

"I tell you what," Pete said. "Me and the missus is givin' a party home—nothin' high hat, you understand—but some friends of ours comin' in. We'd like to have you come if you would. We'd all be tickled to death."

An hour before Woodie would have refused. But these invitations had somehow warmed that very cold spot inside him which had been there so long. He wanted very much to go to Pete's house to the party.

He said, "I'd be glad to go."

Pete left him at the telegraph office. One of Pete's friends was to drive the cab for the evening, he said, and he'd be on his way to turn

it over to him. He'd meet Woodie right where they were in half an hour.

Woodie went into the telegraph office, took a blank, sat down at one of the little desks, and wrote a message to Helen. He didn't have much confidence in what he was going to do, but he couldn't let Helen go by default. What she'd meant—the thing he'd only understood vaguely, back when she'd first said it—the restaurant and taxi matters had made clearer. So he put down the barracks address and wrote:

"You were right. People are nice. Whatever happens, please remember I love you very much."

He sat and looked at this message, almost aghast at what he had said. In the Woodruff family you never showed your feelings or emotions, much less wrote them out in a telegram for the world to see. Perhaps he'd done this because that cold tight ball inside him needed just one thing if it were ever to go away for good.

When he reached the desk he laid the message on it and reached for his loose change. He felt clear to the bottom of his pocket, but it wasn't there. In rapid succession he tried the other pockets. There was no money.

He said to the girl, "I'm sorry. I thought I had some money with me. I'll have to give up sending this."

He crumpled the message and tossed it into the waste basket, turned and started out. He was very conscious of all eyes on him. But it didn't embarrass him the way it should have, because every glance was full of sympathy.

OUTSIDE he found himself still shaken by the discovery that not even car-fare was left to him. And that there went his last chance to contact Helen. Of course, the explanation was simple enough. Instead of putting the money into his pocket as he'd thought, he'd probably dropped it into his wallet and then had lost the wallet instead of having left it at home as he had at first supposed.

Pete arrived at the appointed time and led the way to the bus line. As they walked, Woodie told him the sequel to the original loss.

Pete said, "Think nuttin' of it, think nuttin' of it. The party's on me anyhow."

The party was well started when they arrived. And everybody greeted Woodie cordially, as if he were one of them, as if they had known him for a long time.

It wasn't a loud party. He was given a glass of beer by Pete's wife. And it was handed to him almost with ceremony, as if beer in that household were a bit of an occasion.

A game of cards was started in a corner. Some of the men, it transpired, had been in the last war. Mrs. Pete sat down at the piano and played some of their songs, and they sang them. When she hit a wrong chord they kept right on and she'd catch up again in a measure or two.

People came over and talked to Woodie, showed him pictures of their sons or daughters in uniform. They were very friendly and nice. There was only one person there as young as he was—that was a girl. She was a very attractive girl. Her clothes hadn't cost very much, he guessed, but they fitted her well, and were in good taste. She came over and sat beside him. Her name turned out to be Kathie. After a little he found himself telling her about Helen. He showed her a picture of Helen.

Please turn to page 19



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Toothpicks for birthday candles in Jap camp

Children had their fun despite short supplies

Toothpicks placed on beads formed substitute candles for cakes to celebrate birthdays of children in Fukushima camp, Japan, where 140 men, women, and children were interned.

The women managed to save some breadcrumbs, which, combined with some sugar they had hoarded, made the birthday cakes.

The toothpicks were lit like candles and blown out in traditional style. Even from the first days in the camp this little celebration was observed.

LIBERATED internees from the camp who arrived in Australia in H.M.S. Ruler told how much of their camp life centred on the 15 children.

A slight, frail Indian woman, Miss S. Biswas, who was headmistress of a government school in Bengal, played a great part in keeping the small ones occupied.

As she stood on the flight-deck of H.M.S. Ruler, looking far from strong but wonderfully cheerful, she said:

"These children have saved me. They have kept me in health and kept me normal."

But only reluctantly could she be persuaded to say what she had done for the children.

She passed over lightly the hours when, weak from lack of food, she had sat in a tiny room taking kindergarten classes, and teaching handicrafts; or the lifting about from place to place of the one big table the Japanese allowed her, so that no child should miss any lessons as long as she had strength to teach.

For three months the kindergarten classes were held regularly for one hour each day in a tiny bedroom lent by Mrs. H. J. M. Cook, of London.

Miss Biswas had only two reading books with her, and she used these in relays. She still has them, tattered and torn after their hard use.

She also had charts and paints and counting equipment, which she had with her in the Nankin when she was returning to India after a holiday in Australia.

Later, Red Cross parcels with handicrafts arrived, and the children enjoyed working with these.

A Scotch girl, Jennie Pedersen, who was a missionary and whose parents are at Mukden, China, was devoted, too, in her efforts to bring some sort of education to these poor, bewildered young creatures.

"She was wonderful," said Miss Biswas. "Unfortunately, she is too ill to come on deck this morning."

Later, as Miss Pedersen left the deck by ambulance, her cousin, Mrs. N. J. McNeill, of Mosman, Sydney, who believes she is Miss Pedersen's only relative in Australia, ran forward to speak; but both women were so overcome they could say nothing.

Historic boots

MEMENTO of release for the internees is the pair of fawn suede Army boots worn by lively 13-year-old Graham Sparke.

He proudly tells you it was the weight of the boots that opened the gates which had been closed for prisoners for three and a half years.

The boots came in the first bundle of provisions dropped by an American B17 plane. The parachute failed to open, and the full weight of the bundle fell on the gates.

Graham is the son of Mrs. C. Sparke, who left England in 1942 for South Africa to join her husband at Simonstown. They sailed in the cargo ship Gloucester Castle, and were five days from the Cape when they were torpedoed.

Mrs. Sparke did not know whether Graham was alive until they were reunited on the German raider. He had no lifebelt, but was picked up on a raft.

The last three and a half years seem to have had no ill effects upon Graham. He tells you that he can



AMONG MEAGRE BELONGINGS Mrs. Sparke and Graham pack hand-carved bamboo spoon and fork, which replaced cutlery taken by the Japanese, and Graham's hand-sewn white shirt.



CHILDREN AND ADULTS who shared privations of Fukushima Camp. Left to right: Mrs. F. Mok (Singapore), Joseph Mok (born on board German raider), Sally Cook, Mrs. H. J. M. Cook (London), David Cook, Lee Sooye (Hongkong), Margaret Mok, and Miss S. Biswas, Bengal.



H.M.S. RULER, as she steamed up Sydney Harbor, had her flight-deck lined with liberated prisoners of war and internees from Japan, cheering in answer to the welcome then received from passengers on passing ferries.

make himself understood in Japanese, German, and Greek, also that he is ahead of most boys of his age in arithmetic.

Mrs. Sparke explained that Graham had been sent across to the men's quarters, and there he was instructed by a member of the Merchant Navy.

Mother and son were allowed to meet for an hour every day.

Mrs. Sparke arrived at the camp with no clothes, and her slender wardrobe was made of garments given to her by fellow prisoners. Envy of the women is a white blouse she made from a pillow-case.

It is exquisitely hand-sewn and scalloped at the neckline. The same fine hand-sewing is evident in the snow-white tailored shirts which she made for Graham, also from pillow-cases.

Most of the internees were taken to Japan after the capture of the Nankin, in April, 1942, by a German raider. Their lives were controlled in camp by 173 petty and irritating regulations drawn up by the Japanese.

For the first 15 months at Fukushima husbands and wives were not allowed to see each other at all. After that they were allowed five brief meetings in five months.

Among the husbands and wives forced to live so near but never to see or speak with each other for 15 months were Mr. and Mrs. Cook.

"The Japanese even worked out the ten-minute intervals in which we could hang out our clothes to dry



SANDALS made from a tennis hold-all and thread from a mattress were made by Mr. E. C. Phillips, of London, for his son John during their internment.

so that the men and women would not meet at the cloaklines," said Mr. Cook.

"But we found ways of getting in touch. We sent notes in broom-handles, and we had an 'Indian rope trick'."

"We ran a rope from the men's bathroom upstairs and attached parcels to it. In this way the men

were able to pass on some of their food, especially fruit, to the children.

"When the Japanese discovered we were doing this they immediately cut down our ration, so after that any food had to be given to the children even more secretly."

Mr. Cook also described the "human telephone" the internees instituted.

Husbands and wives could hear each other speak through the wall, but had to be careful no guards overheard the conversations.

To make sure of this, a string of fellow prisoners kept watch, and word was passed on quickly if a guard approached.

Two documents drawn up by the men and women internees and submitted to International Red Cross in 1944 give a vivid picture of camp life.

Here are some extracts:

"Recently we have been getting only bread for the midday meal as well as for breakfast."

"We have had no jam for breakfast for 12 months."

"Butter was provided only on 25 occasions; but we have had none for over six months."

"Liver sausage has not been provided for over six months."

"We are subjected to innumerable harsh, petty regulations. We are not allowed to lie down during the day."

"We may not go outside when we wish, or are forced out when we do not desire to go."

"Many people are without shoes;

measurements were taken 12 months ago, but nothing has happened since."

"Many men have only the clothes they stand up in."

"The only mending material we have received is some sewing-cotton issued after we had been here 18 months."

"No reading matter has been supplied since we have been here."

"Since we arrived over 20 months ago only 59 cakes of soap have been issued for 95 men. Only one small cake was issued in five months for 45 women and children."

"A boy aged 10, who had been to empty some refuse, delayed on the way back to make snowballs."

"As punishment he was forced to stand in pouring sleet for one and a half hours. No one was allowed to give him a coat. As a result he was in bed ill for eight weeks."

Going to India

RUSHING up to one woman reporter, Mrs. C. R. Goldsworthy, formerly of Brisbane, shook her hand and exclaimed:

"You are the first Australian woman I have seen. Oh, it is wonderful."

Mrs. Goldsworthy is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis White, of Redland Bay, Brisbane.

Her home is in the Nilgiri Hills, in India, and she was on her way back there in the Nankin after visiting her people here.

She had had no letter in three and a half years, and was longing for news.

Mr. Henry Walker, of Exide Batteries, Singapore, was looking forward to meeting his brother, Mr. G. R. Walker, of Hunter's Hill.

Mr. Walker tells how the camp first heard of penicillin.

The men on sweeping duty used to work points to steal the Japanese newspapers from the guards' pockets.

The more daring recruits even returned the paper later to the pocket, when the news had been translated by one of their men who was able to read Japanese.

"We took most of it with a grain of salt," he said. "There was a jubilant paragraph about penicillin being given to Churchill when he was sick at Alexandria."

Mr. Walker thinks they were more fortunate with their meagre rations in Japan than the men in Singapore. They got three buns each day.

The ingredients seemed to be mostly potato and straw, but he said that none of them suffered from beri-beri like the unfortunate prisoners forced to a diet of rice.

He also said that the Japs gave the children slightly better food, including a sort of stew. There was scarcely any meat, but they had vegetables mixed with a soya-bean paste cooked in oil.

This evidently contained a certain amount of nourishment, because their energetic games and laughter were often tiring to the mothers, who were always weary and hungry.

Editorial

OCTOBER 13, 1945.

FOOD FOR BRITAIN

DURING the war, when people in the British Isles were tightening their belts, they consoled themselves with thoughts of better times to come.

Visions of plentiful roast beef and fruit and butter danced before their eyes while enemy submarines made havoc among the convoys.

The war is over, but better times have not come to Britain.

Belts have had to be drawn even tighter yet, and the cold of winter is approaching.

The 1/2 worth of meat a week in Britain now, a correspondent points out, would fit on a kitchen plate. The weekly seven ounces of fats includes only two ounces of butter.

Last week a British serviceman, returning from America, was shocked at what he found in London.

"It is hard to realise I am in the capital of a victorious nation," he said. "There is no thought of triumph. The chief thought among Londoners is food."

Many Australians have had uneasy consciences at the knowledge of near starvation in Britain while this country enjoys comparative plenty.

Mr. Bankes Amery, representing the British Ministry of Food, is making earnest appeals to Australians to come to Britain's help by sending parcels and individual gifts.

The Lord Mayor of Melbourne has opened a depot where tinned food may be left.

Any similar scheme on a nationwide scale — any method by which the individual impulse to sacrifice could be channelled to substantial aid for Britain — would have eager support.

HEROIC FEW FROM AMBON



A.I.F. RESCUED from Ambon. Some of the few who are still alive of the 800 who faced 20,000 Japs in 1942. At left, Les Hohl (Toowoomba, Qld.) and Jim Rodgers (St. Kilda, Vic.) reading their first newspapers from home.

Camp shows, cooking, mending helped keep their spirits up

Twenty thousand Japanese landed on Ambon in 1942, overwhelming the little force of 800 Australians. When rescue ships arrived recently less than 200 survivors remained. Most of them were too weak or ill to stand up.

Seventeen of the men were executed, 411 died. About 200, who put up a fight on Ambon airfield with only 303 rifles, were taken off the island and have not been heard of since.

These stories of the heroic eight hundred were sent to us by a special correspondent who met the survivors on their arrival at Morotai.

THE night before Ambon was liberated, members of the 2/21st Battalion gathered for a final sing-song on Boot Hill. Their thin, reedy voices found new strength, new hope in "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag."

All next day there was a constant pilgrimage to the Australian cemetery of 400 graves.

Gaunt men picked wisps of grass, straightened simple crosses, smoothed the mounds, said good-bye to their sleeping comrades.

DON BAKER, of the North Coast, N.S.W., a member of 2/12th Field Ambulance, is "Fish" to his mates.

But he is more than that — he is "absolutely wonderful," one of the boys said on the Battalion's behalf.

And if the 400 who died in the Japanese prison camp could speak of his gentle and untiring efforts to ease their pain, "Fish" would gain thanks due to few men.

He wasn't a doctor. He became one without diplomas or degrees. There just wasn't anyone else.

A medical officer attached to the Battalion was killed by bomb-blast as he superintended the removal of wounded men, including an officer with his leg blown off, when the nearby ammunition dump was exploded.

This was typical Jap refinement. They placed their dumps in or round the A.I.F. compounds.

On this occasion 80 tons of bombs became a military target and the aim was true.

The Australian prisoners went into action immediately the dump blew up.

By nightfall they had evacuated all women and children, wounded men from nearby compounds, and

saved their meagre medical supplies. And they had quenched a raging fire. This is where "Fish" first comes into the story. He played night and day.

He was now in charge of the ward. He stayed in charge of the ward, and none was more skilful, more attentive, more sacrificing, the boys said, than "Good old Fish."

Don Baker became "Fish" because he and his family were fishermen before the war. He has two sisters, both nursing sisters in New South Wales.

ARTIFICIAL smiles were plentiful when the boys were rescued.

Capt. Marshall, of Melbourne, inspired them. He made upper and lower dentures from Dutch aluminium water-bottles and bits of duralium that came from the crashed planes, Jap and Allied.

FOR housewives who do not care for grilled grasshopper, stewed cat (which is more like chicken than rabbit), or snake fried in coconut oil, survivors from Ambon have a fine recipe for "Tan Toey" pudding.

Tan Toey was the name of the Chinese owner of the plantation in which their compound was.

"Tan Toey" pudding was one of their favorite dishes. And this is how one of the cooks made it:

Take as much salted pork as the brutes give you, similar quantity of crushed rice, any minced fish or parts of fish, any wild spices the boys can scrounge, some grated coconut. Mix well and boil or steam the lot over as fast a fire as you can manage for two hours. Cut into handfuls and serve while hungry.

These boys will be able to lend a practised hand in the kitchen when they come home. They have many ways of infusing new flavors in rice puddings, new ideas for a sort of

WHEN the prisoners scrounged an old and broken sewing-machine they were made. Of course the trade was given over mainly to renovations.

Before the stitches ran down the ragged cloth the engineering detail attached to the Battalion had made a rough hand-lathe and had replaced broken parts, turned down rusty nails into excellent needles.

"bubble and squeak," dishes from wild weeds, home-grown wild tomatoes, and sweet potatoes (tops and all).

MRS. BARNEY PORTER, who was Nurse Roberts at Sydney Hospital a few years ago, was asleep in her Melbourne house when eight-year-old son Kerry rushed in with the morning paper.

"Dad's rescued!" he shouted. He'd found his father's name in the official list.

At Morotai the other day, Barney's eyes signalled proudly, "Not bad for sight, eh?" But he bit on his pipe and went back to Ambon in memory.

The Navy boys who rescued the men at Ambon were amazed at the Battalion's morale.

Much of this, Barney claims, was due to regular emotional outlet at weekly concert parties. They were hilarious, he says.

Barney was a journalist in Sydney and Melbourne before the war and he had done radio work.

As soon as the deadness, the utter bewilderment of captivity were off he began to organise concert parties. He claims no share of their success.

But a man who has written in the Mark Hellinger manner short stories picked up in all sorts of places, who wrote a weekly Dad and Dave script, has fair claims to modesty. And, of course, he organised everything.

His blokes improvised props, built a stage, stole, no, scavenged — you can't steal from Japs — electric lighting, material for back-drops, wings, and all the paraphernalia of a concert stage.

The show went on every week during the long imprisonment.

The camp lost its most popular comedian. He was killed by blast in the ammunition-dump explosion.

When another lad made his first appearance as the "leading lady" on the stage there was such a helterskelter of Noggles, Yips, Nips, Japs, or unprintables down to the compound that the boys were sure there was an air raid.

Continued on page 13

Interesting People

LIEUT.-ADMIRAL HELFRICH

C.-in-C. Netherlands Navy

FAMOUS Dutch naval leader, Vice-Admiral Sir Conrad Helfrich, K.C.B., has been ap-

pointed commander of the entire Royal Netherlands Navy and promoted to rank of Lieut. - Admiral. He will remain commander of all Netherlands Forces in East, a post he held throughout the war. As Netherlands representative, he signed the Japanese surrender at Tokio. His submarines were first of all Allied forces to attack Japanese shipping — a few hours after Pearl Harbor. Under his command Dutch warships and planes sank an enemy ship a day for several months, earning him the nickname of "Ship-a-day Helfrich." Is a specialist in submarines and destroyer operations.



MRS. E. FORDHAM

Royal Navy almoner

FIRST woman welfare officer attached to Royal Navy is Mrs. Elsie Fordham, of Sydney,

who has just been appointed almoner to British Pacific Fleet. An Englishwoman.

Mrs. Fordham has made her home in Australia for past three years. Before present appointment was almoner at Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney, where she gained wide experience in the work. New duties are concerned mainly with care of wives and dependents of Royal Navy personnel serving in ships and shore establishments here. Problems of all kinds are brought to her not only by the men themselves, but by their wives and fiancées who are anxious to arrange for passages to England.



F/LT. H. GRIFFITHS

R.A.A.F. in Pacific

SYDNEY airman Flight-Lieut. Harold Griffiths, who, as a sergeant-pilot, fired one of first

shots for R.A.A.F. in Malaysia at outbreak of Pacific war, was

R.A.A.F. pilot chosen to drop surrender instructions to Japanese commander on Bougainville.

"It was a grand feeling being in at the kill," he says. At outbreak of war with Japan he was sergeant-pilot in R.A.F. In the Malayan fighting he was wounded several times and his plane received many hits, but he managed a safe landing. Escaped from Singapore and returned to Australia. Later was appointed instructor at R.A.A.F. school at Mildura. Back again as pilot in fighting squadron, he did air-army co-operation work in Solomons.



YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 5 to 20.
SUGAR: 1 to 10 (good till Oct. 31).
BUTTER: 15 to 25 (till Oct. 31).
MEAT: Black, 25 to 35 (till Oct. 31).
Red and green, 35, 35, 37, 39, till Oct. 31.
CLOTHES: B57-112, 71 to 56.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Viscountess Clive, with her fiancé, Brigadier Derek Schreiber, and her daughter, Baroness Davina Darcy de Knayth, who will be bridesmaid when Viscountess Clive and Brigadier Schreiber marry at St. John's Church, Canberra, on October 24.



FOR VICTORY BALL. Beautiful blooms picked from Mrs. Charles Todman's garden at Double Bay by Pamela Roach, Zelma Robinson, and Julie Rellon to decorate Town Hall this Tuesday night when gala Victory Ball is held in aid of A.C.F.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. George Watson, ex-A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Vere Braham, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after marriage. Bride's mother, Mrs. Dick Hardy (left), Mr. Percy Hardy, who gave bride away, Mrs. Margaret Fielding Jones, matron-of-honor, and best man Mr. C. Manning, ex-A.I.F. Bridegroom is only son of late William Watson, of Goulburn, and of Mrs. Watson, of Redellah, Springvale, Qld.



DIPLOMAT MARRIES. Surprise for Canberra residents when New Zealand Assistant Official Secretary Andrew Sharpe marries quietly in Sydney and brings bride back to Canberra.



PICNIC LUNCH BEFORE THE RACES. Mr. W. D. Gordon (left), Mrs. Paddy Osborne, Major Osborne, Mrs. W. F. L. Owen, Mrs. Hector Clayton, and Mrs. Ashleigh Davy (extreme right) snapped on the lawns at Randwick on Metropolitan Day.

People and PARTIES

FIRST skirmish of season's race meetings at Randwick over—and by skirmish I certainly mean skirmish, as I'm still recovering from being trampled underfoot by the crowd.

Youth wins the trial stakes for fashion in the first big race meeting of the postwar, and above babble of voices I overhear comments from crowd: "Do look at those pretty girls." Derby Day behaves for fashion, and brilliant sunshine brings new season's summer ensembles out for their first airing. Metropolitan Day frowns on ring-neers, and even the smartest punters sally forth in their winter models with perhaps a new toque to brighten up the effect.

EVERYWHERE I glance I seem to see a member of the Playfair family—well, you must admit they're eye-catching—and Eve (Mrs. Alec McLeod) and sister Judy look so smart. Young Wendy punts with two cousins, Beth and Jill Campbell, pretty daughters of the Bruce Campbells, of "Gooriatana," Gular, who are down for the races and staying with their grandmother, Mrs. Jack Campbell.

YOUNG married couple—the Ian Sinclairs, of Collymungle, Pokataroo—were there. Pam wearing such a pretty lilj-of-the-valley green suit.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Geoffrey Johnson and his bride, formerly Helen Gordon, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Gordon, of Point Piper, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

NEWLY engaged couples Diana See with fiancé Sub-Lieut. Donald McLisky, R.N.Z.V.R., and Pat Merewether and Lieut. Herbert Ward, A.I.F., attend meeting. Believe Pat, who is daughter of the R. D. H. Merewethers, of Frisby, Cudal, has rooms in Orange for physiotherapy practice.

ONE of the first P.O.W.s released from Japanese hands to be married is Dick Scandrett, a lieutenant in the 8th Divvy, who plans marriage with June Cohen at Shore Chapel on October 20. June's sister Betty will be bridesmaid and a fellow P.O.W., Captain Mark Lindgren, who came back on the same plane as Dick, will be best man. Dick just arrived home in time to be godfather to the Derek Macleans' baby son, John, at Shore Chapel.

SERVICE-BLUE velvet jacket worn with black skirt by Judy Wingrove when she dances at Prince's on race night with Jock Pagan.

"I DON'T know what I'd do if it wasn't for my friends," says Judy Mills when I telephone her and find her in a whirl, she planning marriage this Tuesday to Lieut. John Amory, U.S.N.R., after announcement of their engagement just twelve days ago. Judy's not wearing an engagement ring, as John has family diamond ring awaiting her in America, so Judy will have her wedding ring first. Couple will marry at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, where Judy's sister Jane (Mrs. Bob Ashton) will be matron of honor, and Mr. Delano McKelvey from the American Consulate, will be best man. Reception will be held at home of Judy's grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Mills, of Edmore, and, of course, the John Mills, from Bonny Hills, Quirindi, are coming to Sydney to see their younger daughter marry. John is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hull Amory, of Greenwich, Connecticut. He and Judy will probably live in Washington.

YOUNG guests entertained at home of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Gibbs at Mosman when their only child, Corporal Betty Gibbs, A.W.A.S., celebrates coming of age.

NETHERLANDS Navy wedding. Third-Officer Pieter Cordia, Netherlands Merchant Navy, and his bride, formerly Mayleen Heffron, leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with bride's parents, Minister for Education Mr. R. J. Heffron, and Mrs. Heffron.



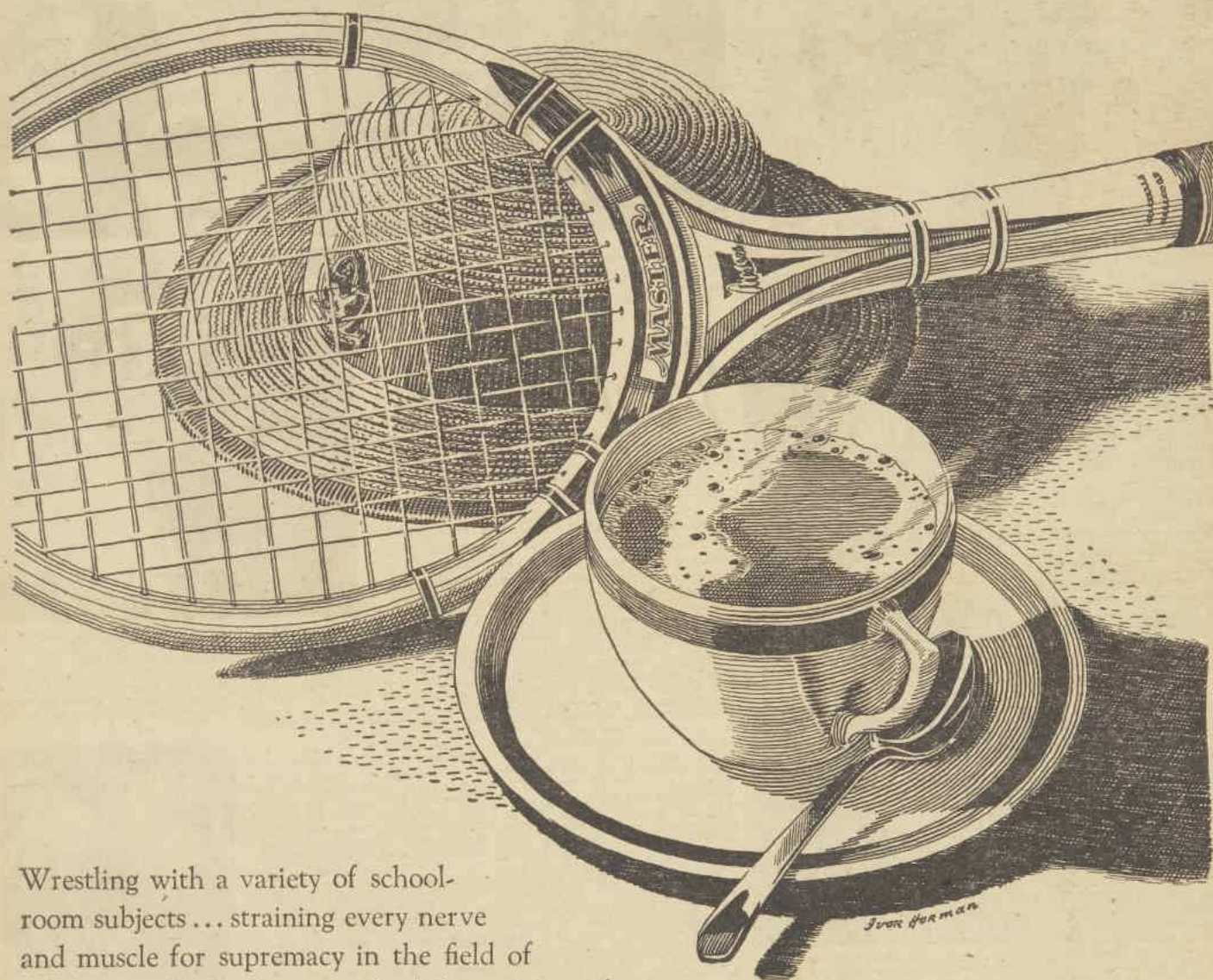
COMMITTEE - WOMEN. Mrs. Harold Taplin and Mrs. W. R. Davey stroll through Hyde Park and choose site for fête in aid of Women's Hospital, Crown St., to be held in Hyde Park this Friday.

NEWS on the Quirindi front . . . Ann Capp stays at Elanora with five-months-old son Peter awaiting return of her brother Peter Playfair, who has been P.O.W. in Japan. Son Peter is named after uncle, Ann's husband, Colin, comes down from Goran Lake, Quirindi, this week. When they return they hope plans will soon be passed to start building new home, "Treloar," at Quirindi.

Colin's brother-in-law and sister, Murray and "Ned" Robertson, returned to country home, "Yoorroga," Quirindi, now that Murray's out of A.I.F.

joyce

FOOD *for Energy* ..



Wrestling with a variety of school-room subjects ... straining every nerve and muscle for supremacy in the field of sport ... that's the normal, daily routine of healthy Australian girls and boys. They tax mental and physical resources to the very limit—often using up energy at an alarming rate. This energy spent in work and play must be replaced, and Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is the very thing to replace it! Bournville is a *real food* in delicious drink form, and when made with milk—and a little sugar added—is 45% richer in food content than the milk alone. Ask for Bournville—the Cocoa with the *real chocolatey flavour*.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Made by the Makers of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate



As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Be very cautious, and keep to routine tasks as much as possible now. Especially on Oct. 12, 13, 14, and 15.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 to May 21): A rather poor week. Live quietly. Avoid new projects, changes, upsets, and arguments. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Not a time for aggressive action or overmuch confidence or impulsiveness. Oct. 16 best (before 10.30 a.m., and after 3 p.m.). Oct. 15 (evening) fair; Oct. 9 (afternoon) fair. Rest of week poor.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Beware obstacles of all kinds this week. Especially on October 11 (evening). Routine work advised. Avoid changes.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): A queer week. Oct. 9 and 10 poor. Oct. 11 very good (to 4 p.m.), evening poor. Oct. 12 (dusk) fair, but balance poor. Oct. 13 to 16 poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): October 1 (afternoon) and 18 quite fair. Very poor right through to 3 p.m. on Oct. 15. Oct. 16 (forenoon) poor, but otherwise fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): A very queer week. Many daily upsets; Oct. 9 (afternoon) fair. Oct. 11 very good (to sunset), then poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Useful. Oct. 10 (morning) for mild gains, but thereafter live quietly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): October 9, 11 (forenoon), 11 (to 4 p.m.), 12 (noon to dusk), and 16 (forenoon and evening hours) all quite fair. Rest of week poor. Live quietly.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): A week for extreme caution. Dodge arguments, changes, obstruction, unpopularity, worry, etc. Routine work strongly advised.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): This week can be good. Oct. 13 (morning and dusk hours), Oct. 15 (evening), and Oct. 16 very helpful.

PISCES (Feb. 21 to March 21): Routine work advised all this week. Oct. 10 fair (to noon), Oct. 15 fair. Rest of week very obstructive.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Heroic few from Ambon

Continued from page 10

THE Japs had seen the "woman" on the stage. Incidentally, "her" make-up came from the Dutch women prisoners next door.

But beri-beri, dysentery, and malaria were too much for him, too. He was immaculate to the last and took his final curtain with the show going on in real old trouper style. He was tops, the boys say.

Barney Porter did a great deal for the Allies, a great deal to undermine Jap morale. And this is how he did it.

The Noggies learned he was a journalist, so he was transferred from Ambon to the neighboring island of Ceram for 16 months.

The Japs set great store by the broadcast opinions of the Allied commentators William Winter, Paul Maguire, Reginald Drake, and Geoffrey Keon.

It was Barney's job to take down in shorthand and transcribe their broadcasts for the Jap H.Q.

He did this for a while until one night he had an idea; the radio wasn't too good, so he turned in a tirade of abuse on someone's behalf.

One sentence was "quacking" Paul Maguire: "When will the lunatics who control the Japanese running this war realise that defeat is inevitable?"

From then on it was easy. "Maybe I owe an apology to our commentators," Barney grins wryly; "but you've no idea of the Jap reaction."

The news seeped through the Jap officers to the N.C.O.'s, and began to form the pool of doubt which led to the final flood of despair.

Shortly Barney will be home. Young Kerry wants to be a doctor. He's been to a shoe-store where you can see your feet X-rayed.

And he has the inclination to dissect his own feet in a surgical experiment.

Barney has other ideas. He thinks young Australia will need to be on its toes and he doesn't want Kerry to lose any.

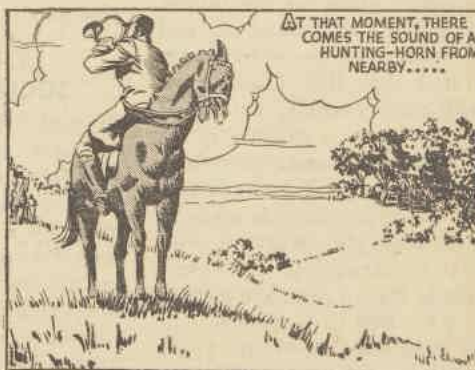


Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are travelling together in a northern country. When they reach the frontier of the land of Dementor, the guard tries to prevent them entering because they are carrying green luggage. However, they succeed in passing the guard, who warns them that although

many enter, none ever leave this land. The visitors find many strange things as they journey along. All the trees and grass are being painted red, at noon everyone stands on his left foot. These things are ordered by the ruler of Dementor, Prince Paulo, who Mandrake declares must be mad and very cruel. **NOW READ ON:**



"The Red Cross has become, wherever its banner is unfurled, synonymous with honour, kindness, and devotion. Its services are accepted with gratitude not only on the battle-field . . . but also in times of peace, wherever there is a combat to be waged for the assistance of suffering humanity."

ANNOUNCEMENT BY RED CROSS



RED CROSS MUST CARRY ON IN PEACE

WITH the coming of Peace, Red Cross Workers everywhere are asking about the Society's plans for the future. Will Red Cross carry on, and in what way? Some have suggested that Red Cross work will cease entirely, or that it will only be a shadow of its former self, and, therefore, little money will be required. This announcement is made to give Red Cross Workers, who have rendered such valiant service in War, a complete picture of what Red Cross proposes to do—and must do—in the years to come, unless it is false to its trust.

It is true that there will not be so many demands upon Red Cross in Peace as there were in war. But there must still be service to the suffering; the sick and wounded sailors, soldiers and airmen still in hospital—many of whom will be there for years—some for the rest of their lives; prisoners-of-war whose health has been shattered and who must be watched over and helped to readjustment, and the great

army of ex-servicemen and women who have been discharged through illness or wounds, and who, in time of trouble, will turn unhesitatingly to Red Cross for help.

THE RED CROSS PEACE-TIME PLAN

RED CROSS BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE

This service, which saved the lives of countless Australian sick and wounded in the Middle East and the Pacific, will continue as a peace-time activity for sick and wounded ex-Service personnel in hospitals and for civilians in all walks of life—the service being free of all cost.

RED CROSS SOCIAL SERVICE

Trained Red Cross Social Workers and Medical Social Workers will continue their work of assisting ex-servicemen and women, and particularly Prisoners of War, to adjust themselves to civilian life. Red Cross Scholarships will be continued to enable men and women to train as Social Workers at Australian Universities.

RED CROSS HANDCRAFT SERVICE

Red Cross workshops, staffed by trained personnel, will continue in all military hospitals and Red Cross Convalescent Homes, and special workshops will be established in capital cities for continuing the instruction of ex-servicemen and women in all branches of handicrafts to help them in civil life.

RED CROSS LIBRARY SERVICE

Red Cross Libraries, which have given such comfort to the Armed Forces in Base Hospitals and Field Hospital Units will be continued, and, where possible, extended to civilian institutions.

RED CROSS CONVALESCENT HOMES

Red Cross Homes in every State will be maintained in order to care for men and women of this war and of the 1914-18 war. The Red Cross Rehabilitation Farm, "Gillulla," in New South Wales, was the first establishment of its kind to provide discharged servicemen with special treatment and facilities.

RED CROSS AIDS, V.A.D.'s AND JUNIOR RED CROSS

Red Cross Voluntary Groups will be reorganised and developed in order to strengthen the spearhead of youth so vital to the future of Red Cross in Australia. These, together with Red Cross Workers generally, will be trained for helping in hospitals, for hospital visiting, helping invalids and disabled persons and providing transport.

RED CROSS OVERSEAS RELIEF

In co-operation with U.N.R.R.A., Red Cross is

maintaining two units in Greece for the relief of suffering—the personnel comprising men and women trained in medicine, nutrition and general hygiene.

PROMOTION OF HEALTH

Red Cross will continue special training in child management, home nursing and first-aid. It will support kindergartens and creches, help crippled children and incapacitated persons, and give practical help in T.B. Clinics, immunization schemes, mass radiology and x-ray examinations.

EVACUEES FROM WAR ZONES

Red Cross is giving, and will continue to give, full service to civilian evacuees from the Far East who have found a temporary home in Australia. Hostels are maintained in New South Wales with accommodation for over 1,000 people, including special provision for family units.

★ ★ ★ ★

The foregoing should convince every Red Cross Worker that Red Cross must go on—that you, as a Red Cross Worker, must go on—in fulfilment of that glorious work for humanity for which Red Cross shone like a beacon across the world during the dark days of war, and will continue to shine so long as civilisation shall last.

J. Newman Moore
CHAIRMAN

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.

Naval officer tamed loneliest island in the world

Radioed from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
of our London office

Even the world's loneliest island, Tristan da Cunha, did not escape the discipline of war. Taken in hand by the Royal Navy, it is now shipshape, even to such details as a monetary system and a newspaper.

Known for some time as "Job Nine," then christened H.M.S. Atlantic Isle, it is the Royal Navy's queerest ship.

TOWERING 7000 feet above the Atlantic and exposed to its wild gales, Tristan da Cunha is now an important meteorological and radio base.

The Navy made an official appeal for someone "for service in a lonely island, to have in his care the civil population and the naval personnel."

It selected from the volunteers Surgeon Lieut.-Commander E. S. Woolley, who warned his wife jokingly: "It may be some lonely spot like Tristan da Cunha."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Woolley, blissfully confident. "They would never send anyone there."

But she was wrong, and she and her husband and their two small children sailed for a land shrouded in dismal rain, buffeted almost perpetually by gales, a land that even in midsummer knew sunshine only for about four hours a day.

It swarmed with rats, fleas, and garden pests, and had a population of about 200 primitive islanders.

While technicians supervised installation of radio equipment, Lieut.-Commander Woolley grappled with problems of building a new parish hall, control of grazing, reduction of geese, care of widows, the suppression of bad language, bird protection, organisation of work gangs, "the control of the improvident."



PRIMITIVE LIGHT made by Tristan da Cunha inhabitants consists of one hurricane lamp.

In this he was advised by a council he formed of all islanders, together with the naval chaplain. A South African Air Force corporal was his "Minister of Agriculture."

Then he became really ambitious and introduced a monetary system. Cash to the value of £3000—in British and South African currency—arrived.

"I explained its use to the islanders, and the principles of banking through the P.O. Savings Bank, and impressed upon them the desirability of saving for after the war," said Lieut.-Commander Woolley.

"They picked up the idea very quickly. We had a most successful savings campaign conducted in simple language. Possession of a savings book became fashionable. There was a competitive spirit which helped considerably. During the first three months almost £300 was deposited."

Scene of this colonising adventure was a grim plateau swept by the



DRESSED in their best, women of wind-swept Tristan da Cunha look attractive. The island had only 200 inhabitants when the Royal Navy turned it into an important radio base.

almost incessant gales. Behind it reared a 2000ft. precipice, dominated by the 6760 feet peak above.

On this plateau were grouped the islanders' primitive stone cottages, and there the naval party built their quarters, seeking protection from the elements by sinking buildings three feet into the ground. They piped water from nearby and the island had hygienic sanitation for the first time in its history.

"We arrived at the end of April, 1942," Lieut.-Commander Woolley said, "and by November everyone was properly accommodated."

"By November and December of 1942 the Meteorological Section could forecast all the weather for the Cape and the Indian Ocean."

It was not until over a year later that the island blossomed out as a full-blown H.M. ship. Till then it bore the laconic title of "Job Nine." Admiralty decided in January, 1944, to commission it as H.M.S. Atlantic Isle, and chose Lieut.-Commander Woolley as Commanding Officer.

For the naming ceremony they chose a West African surfboat, Mrs. Woolley officiated, using a champagne bottle filled with fruit salts and a dash of rum.

"The whole ship's company was mustered. I made a speech, my wife christened the boat—in which sat Percy the Penguin, one of our pets—and the Tristan da Cunha band played 'Hearts of Oak,'" said Lieut.-Commander Woolley.

"The band" was Chief Engineerroom Artificer McGee, suffering from a broken ankle, who played his accordion sitting in a bullock cart. To close the ceremony the local Home Guard smartly about-turned and fired three volleys out to sea.

"This was quite unexpected by the bullocks, who bolted along the beach. Out tipped McGee's crutches, then the accordion, and finally McGee himself."

Final and complete evidence that they had brought civilisation with them to stay was the birth, in March, 1943, of the island's first newspaper, "The Tristan Times." Small boys sold it for two cigarettes, three potatoes, or a halfpenny.

They carried a sack for money.

In July last year a new Commanding Officer took over, and Lieut.-Commander Woolley left for England with an O.B.E. and a family now grown to three children.

Three Women in the House

Continued from page 4

IT was just after midday that Janet arrived at the grey stone cottage, the home of her brother-in-law Noel and his wife Pam. She stood for a moment leaning her hands on the white gate and staring up the flagged path. Already bulbs were pushing up their spikes of fresh green, and the winter sunshine flooded through the windows and into the little porch. At that moment Pam came into the garden.

"Why, hullo, how nice to see you, Janet!"

She came forward welcomingly, and in her rough blue sweater and slacks, she looked quite different from the rather artificial young person Janet had sometimes met in London.

Janet followed her into the little house, looking about her. The rooms were not big, but they were square and comfortable.

"Why, you've had electric light put in, Pam?"

"Yes, and the water will be laid on from the main in a few weeks, though we shall still keep the pump for soft water."

She looked questioningly, as they went into the kitchen. "We'll have lunch out here, if you don't mind; it's so easy."

"Of course I don't, and it's a lovely big kitchen for so small a place; it's bigger than ours, I think."

"Yes, I shall miss this room when we move—if Noel ever succeeds in digging me out of here."

"It's about that I came really," Janet said.

"Well, I was just wondering if it was," Pam smiled.

"I know—I might have come to see you more often, but I never did. I was always too busy coping with Nuts Court on too little money."

Pam flushed. "It seems rather awful asking you to change—but it's only that Noel feels he'll just have to entertain. His publishers are always producing people they want him to meet, and Noel feels he ought to be able to put them up—especially the foreign ones." She stopped and then added simply and rather wistfully, "We're making pots of money, but personally I'd rather have stayed on here; we've made it so convenient, but of course, I see Noel's point of view."

As she prepared to leave later that afternoon Janet looked at the little house with growing excitement. The children would adore it, and the whole place would be so simple to run, and they would have money in hand as well, for Noel's offer was very generous. "How soon can you make the change, Pam?" she said.

"Oh, in about a month, I should think," Pam answered.

All that week Janet went over and over the question of how to tell Celia and Ann. Here I've dragged them out of their own homes and rooms, she thought, and now I intend to cast them out again, after only a

few weeks. I'll have to tell them to-night.

But the moment for telling was postponed until later, for Eliza developed one of her worst bouts of wildness to date. She threw Nicky's kitten into a bath of water, she bit Roger's ear until it bled, she refused to stay in bed, and she continued to scream like a steam siren.

It was at that moment that, above the din of screaming, a loud knocking was heard at the front door. Celia went to open it—and saw Tom, Ann's husband, standing there. Brown and stolid and large, he grinned down at her surprise. "Didn't Ann get my wire?"

"No," Celia said hurriedly, and led him into the house just as Ann came in through the sitting-room door. White-faced, untidy, haggard, she confronted her husband, and then the next instant she was weeping with her face buried on his chest.

He lifted his head from hers at last, in a listening attitude. "What on earth is that row?"

"It's your daughter Eliza," Ann said, and her face lit suddenly with the wayward, implacable humor that it had lacked for so long. "She's been like that all day."

"Take me to her," Tom said grimly. But Elizabeth was truly feminine; she knew how far she could go, and when that limit was reached she retreated with charm. Four days later, a quiet, well-behaved small child departed between her radiant parents.

That evening Janet broke the news of her impending move to Celia. "I feel perfectly awful about it, Celia," she finished, "because I know you've given up the flat, and it's so terribly hard to find rooms these days, and, of course, you can't go to that wretched little boat."

"Never mind," Celia said, "I think you're very wise."

All the same, she thought, as she went upstairs to bed, it was going to be difficult to find anywhere to go. Absent-mindedly she lifted the box of toads off the bed and put them on top of a box of silkworms. Funny little fellow Nicky; she'd got fond of him and his queer hobbies. It must be nice to have a schoolboy son.

And then it dawned on her that that was what she did possess—in Steve. In spite of his brilliance as a scientist, he was still part schoolboy, mad on boats and adventurous holidays. She saw the little cabin of The Clara quite clearly in her mind—trim and small, and comfortably compact. She picked up a pen and paper. "Steve, darling," she wrote, "I think The Clara is really a lovely home, as you say, and I'll come to live on her with you at the end of the week."

(Copyright)

THE voice of George Claessen broke the silence grimly: "Look at me, Sergeant."

Aleck looked up. Claessen had drawn a small blue automatic pistol. He did not point this at Aleck, but his thumb clicked off the safety-catch.

"You're cleverer than I thought you were, Sergeant."

"I always am," Aleck said coldly. "But you're going to get me those glass fragments—the right ones! You must have them here somewhere. You wouldn't trust them with anybody else. Now get up and get them for me!"

He wagged the automatic.

Aleck rose. He had not anticipated this, had never associated George Claessen with guns, and hadn't realised how desperate the man was. Moreover, Claessen was frightened—which made him the more dangerous.

The tenant, disgusted with the whole business, leaped to the window-sill and disappeared.

"You're going to shoot me," Aleck asked slowly. "Right here in police headquarters?"

"I'm going to if I have to. If you don't get me those chunks of glass—the right ones. Who'd pay any attention to a shot in here, anyway?"

It was true. Aleck often fired

Crystal Evidence

Continued from page 5

guns in this room, in order to examine the bullets and the firing-pin and breech-knock impressions. Also, Claessen knew that Aleck had so emphatically forbidden all unauthorized entrance into this laboratory, even interruption in the form of knocking, except in matters of the highest importance—that hours and even days might pass before the crime would be discovered.

Claessen was not smiling now. His face was no longer pink; it was dead-pale, and glistening with sweat. Aleck, raising his hands, moved backward slowly, away from the sofa, the bale of cotton, the dark-room, and toward an end of the laboratory where bottles were ranged, dim and dusty, on shelves.

Claessen followed. He did not point the pistol directly at Aleck—but he held it firm.

"Of course, I ran down that woman. But if you think I'm going to let a little squirt like you send me up for manslaughter—"

First-Grade Detective Cassidy was a large man, and bulky, but when he stepped from behind the bale of cotton, Cassidy made not a sound.

All the same, George Claessen must have sensed the presence behind him. He started to turn—

and the blackjack descended upon his wrist.

The pistol was hair-triggered. It went off, once; but it fell. A bottle was smashed, and the stuff it had contained splattered from shelf to shelf and to the floor through the very echoes of the explosion. At this instant, Cassidy threw himself upon George Claessen.

"Hey!" cried Aleck, all jittery again, all nerves. "That was the only hydrazide-hydrochloride that I had made up!"

Chief Marcy barged out of the dark-room, followed by a police stenographer whose pad was covered with shorthand. Another police stenographer rolled out from under the sofa. Marcy, all pink and perspiring, burbled with solicitude, fussing round Aleck like a mother hen round a chick; and presently Cassidy, too, whose business with Claessen had been brief, was doing the same.

A stomach-pump! They must get a doctor and a stomach-pump! The emergency squad must be called! Aleck must lie down!

"Stop screaming!" screamed Aleck West. "Get out of here. You got your oral confession, didn't you? I told you there weren't enough fragments for even me to identify that glass with the glass from Claessen's car, and that we'd have to let the man convict himself, didn't I? Well, what else do you want?"

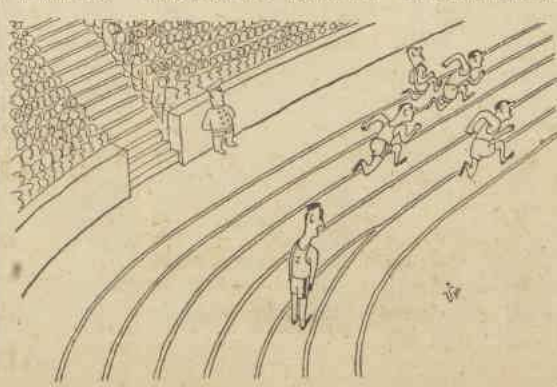
But— "Stomach-pump! Think I want to lose the best drink I've had in months! Matter of fact, I guess I'll take another!"

His hands like swift white birds, he plopped two lumps of rock candy into a mortar, and with a pestle crushed them into glittering crystal specks. He poured the specks into the flask-cup, and poured whisky on top of them. He swished this round, held it up.

"Beautiful stuff!" he said with profound relish. "You don't get a drink like this very often."

He drained the glass solemnly.

(Copyright)





TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY "key to the door," made and signed for him by his mates last April, was brought home by Pte. "Tich" Freeman, of Moss Vale. With him are Pte. Ken Astill and Pte. Wal Buckley.



McFALL FAMILY, from Cessnock, N.S.W., drove to Sydney to welcome Pte. James McFall, followed the ambulance he was in from ship to hospital. At Concord Hospital the family gathered round his bed.



A NEW SLOUCH HAT being tried on by Pte. Monk, of Lynthorpe, N.S.W., came ashore in new clothes from hat to



TWO OF SEVERAL medical officers who, the boys say, deserve the V.C.: Capt. Lloyd Cahill (left) and Major Kevin Fagan

PRECIOUS CARGO . . . ships bring mo

How Sydney's welcome looks to men in the 8th Division bus

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"I've got to see everything."

Pte. Bill Smith, of Brighton-le-Sands, hanging out of the front top-deck window of a bus, with his blue eyes alight, shouted this back over his shoulder on the journey from Darling Harbor to Concord Military Hospital.

Buses and ambulances took the patients from the first hospital ship to arrive from Singapore through cheering thousands crowding the sunny streets.

SINCE the Oranje's arrival hundreds more have made the triumphal journey.

Bill Smith was in the first bus to toot its way through the dense crowds. The bus travelled in low gear nearly all the way.

"It plays hell with the engine," said Driver George Gibbs, "but what else can you do in a crowd like this and on a day like this?"

As the boys filed aboard—in brand-new hats, uniforms and boots they'd put on for the first time that morning—they wanted to know "Who takes the fares?" and "How much is the fare to home?"

Pte. George Castle dumped his pack and settled into a window seat. "I'll bet it's the old Enfield bus," he said.

Driver George Gibbs turned round to see his passengers and there was a combined shout of joy from both Georges.

They knew each other from the old days when George Castle was a bus conductor.

As the bus swung into George Street out of the Quay Sapper Jock Skinner, of Bourke, slapped me on the back.

"Look at the dear old pub," he said.



CPL. GEORGE LAWRENCE welcomed by two service-girl sisters, Jean and Frances, members of a family of eleven children from Orange, N.S.W. Parents, sisters and brothers, nieces and nephews were in the reunion.

Near Martin Place there were lots of attractive girls cheering and waving.

The passengers replied with "You beaut!" and "You'll do us, girls!"

Sapper Skinner observed solemnly, "The girls are more marvellous than ever."

In George Street a girl threw a bunch of pink carnations in the window. Cpl. P. F. Paget, of Edgecliff, held them up for everyone to admire, then clutched them beside him on the bus seat.

Then a large bag of sweets sailed

in and everyone chewed for the rest of the way.

"We'd been warned about this, but we didn't expect there'd be such a crowd," Pte. Warwick Bagley said above the din of cheering.

Looking at the dense crowds Pte. K. A. Astill, a miner's son from Cessnock, could only say he was "speechless," and Pte. Bill Doran, of Orange, said, "Sydney looks good, but Orange will look even better."

Near Broadway, Sgt. Roy Fern, of Coff's Harbor, nearly disappeared out of his window.

"Good old Mona," he shouted, from the front row when she saw him in the bus.

Loaded bombs

SHE had time to tell him that his wife and four children would meet him at the hospital.

Sgt. Fern, in the 18th Battalion in this war, was in the 55th in the last war. He has survived beri-beri, bashings which left him deaf in the right ear, and a sojourn on notorious Blackang Mati, an island arsenal off Singapore, where the prisoners loaded bombs on Japanese hospital ships, working two hours on, two hours off, through eight-day periods.

As the bus went through the suburbs and the crowds thinned the passengers sat very quietly.

They may have been thinking of what was behind them now.

They may have been checking over in their minds the reality—Sydney, a double-decker bus, familiar buildings, Parramatta Road, and familiar faces at the end of the journey.

They looked like people on a beach, just sitting and soaking up the sun. But a big group of cheering, waving schoolchildren brought them to the windows again.



BARBER FOR HIS MATES, Pte. Ken Bird (Port Adelaide) gives a haircut to Pte. Ted Releher (Barraba, N.S.W.).



OVERCOME BY WELCOME, W/O. W. R. James, Narrabri, N.S.W., rests on his hospital bed with wife, daughter Jean, son Bobby, two A.I.F. brothers, Vic and Merv, his parents, and hosts of friends and relations round him.



EXTRA POLISH to new boots (L. to R.) Pte. Reg Cox (Glebe, N.S.W.), Ray MacKell (Adelaide), Sappers Harry Hazelgrove (W.A.), Ray Willard (Preston, Vic.).



IT'S ST. Bridge.

"Isn't it again?"

Mandy, he'd reorg.

Pte. Bog a half for render, but was still v.

Sig. Mrs. sat quietly.

He had.

world as from the year-old in-law, the way to me.

As the pital gate triumphed.

And in with the their time.

Rooney, of Gordon, of Gilgandra.

Warren W. Heddon, of Jamn.

till, of B. Campsie.

Wingham figures the identity of children.

At about drew in v.

Watched wheel-chairs divisions at other units.

The one years had our safety.

In that each other anxious.



Raymond, the men, and boots. HANDCRAFTS passed the time for bed patients on the way home. Pte. Harold Thwell, and Pte. Wally Small with the "Donald Duck" he made himself.

More ex-prisoners



WILL THERE. All the way down the coast the men talked of "the bridge." The Japs had told them their bombers had destroyed the middle span of Sydney Harbor Bridge.

en't great to see the kids at?" said Pte. Norman Hogan, 21. He wondered, he said, if he would see his own two kids.

Sean had put on two and a half since the Japanese surrender, but he had had pellagra and still very thin.

Pte. Martin, of Double Bay, was all the way.

between the best sight in the world—the bus climbed the hill to the wharf—his wife, his nine-year-old Brian, and his mother-in-law, who now they were on their way to see him at Concord.

the bus turned into the hospital. Driver Gibbs played a musical flourish on the bus horn. In a few seconds the men in the cardboard tags tied to their waists filed out—Pte. Cliff

of Waterloo; Sapper T. M. of Leeton; Pte. Ray Monk, of Leeton; Sgt. W. Pearson, of Leeton; Pte. E. Henderson, of Leeton; Pte. R. W. Bennett, of Leeton; Pte. M. Ward, of Leeton; Pte. Thomas Hinton, of Leeton; and the anonymous khaki men who would find personal sympathy with the women and men who waited for them.

at the entrance ambulances to stretchers cases. When their arrival from the hospital was men from other hospitals sick or maimed from the war.

the men who through the war had shouldered the burden of the war, the grin was reassurance for the men and reassurance for the women who saw it.

Baker worked overtime

STEPS taken to give the returning prisoners the most beneficial diet were described by a medical officer on the Oranje.

"We had to draw up a diet to give the men nutritious food which required little digestion," he said.

"The thing that fascinated the men most when they came on board was plain bread and butter.

"They ate it by the ton, and eventually the ship's baker had to appeal to us to ration bread.

"He was working anything up to 20 hours a day, and had to spend his sixtieth birthday in bed, so we cut the men down to seven thick slices a day.

"All through the trip every patient got five ounces of milk four times a day, with biscuits.

"The quantity of powdered milk consumed was unbelievable, the 'mechanical cow' working 24 hours a day to keep the supply up to 840 men.

"As the men got more normal their diet became a little richer, but we had to be careful to give them food with no fat content.

"Fried foods, baked potatoes, and beef, which has a high fat content, were out of the question.

"Men who have already gone on leave will be almost normal as regards their eating by now.

"They will be the best judges of what they can take.

"Men whose digestions are not yet right are being held in hospital.

"They will come home as soon as they are fit, but any mistake in diet would be tragic for them.



DREAMING OF FRANKSTON, Bondi, Glenelg, or Southport? Prisoners bask in the sun on the huge Red Cross painted on the Oranje deck.

CHANGI camp prisoners celebrated Christmas, 1944, by dipping officers in tubs of not very clean cold water.

But one man they didn't dip was "Desperate Dan," an English lieutenant with a six-inch moustache, who gave them a good run for their money.

RED-HEADED "Meggs" Todd, of Merrylands, N.S.W., enlisted just before his 18th birthday.

"Meggs" and his cobbler, Berney Cleverley, of West Perth, used to have eating competitions on board the Oranje, and their mates took sides backing them.

"Berney won," said "Meggs" ruefully. "He's a bigger chap than I, so I guess he had more room. Anyway, he only beat me by half a plateful."

ONE of the most excited relatives at Concord Hospital, Sydney, was an aboriginal woman from Moree and her five-year-old son.

She asked repeatedly, "Has anyone seen a colored man with curly hair, because it is my husband?" "My son and I have been travelling for two days."

It was a pathetic anti-climax when the pair heard he was in the Duntroon, and their reunion would be delayed for some days.

PTE. M. PROST, of Lidcombe, N.S.W., arrived with his five golf clubs. He had kept them

hidden throughout three and a half years' captivity.

"I had to keep them well hidden," he said, "because the Japs would have used them to bash us with if they'd found them."

AS one ambulance in the convoy speeded along Parramatta Road, one of its four patient passengers, who had been lying listlessly back on his stretcher, suddenly sat up and scrambled shakily to his feet.

Through the opening at the back of the ambulance he had seen his family racing up behind in their flag-decked car.

The soldier was Private James McFall, of Cessnock, N.S.W.

His family of eight members had driven down from Cessnock and had chased the ambulance from the wharf.

ONE soldier walked through the cheering crowds proudly bearing a bunch of gum leaves. Another was presented with four red rosebuds by his young son, who had been a babe in arms when he sailed away; another wore a bunch of sweet-peas in both tunic breast pockets.

ONE of the few wives who managed to get on to the wharf when her husband's ship arrived was Mrs. R. E. Weller, of Kogarah.

Lieut. Weller saw her and in a few seconds had run down the gangway to clasp her in his arms.



THREE H.M.S. PERTH MEN—Stoker Syd. Harper (W.A.), C.P.O. Lou Moore (Sydney), Able-Seaman Jim Tohan (W.A.). Photographs on board the Oranje were taken by staff photographer BILL BRINDLE, who travelled on the hospital ship from Brisbane to Sydney.

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FOR ITS FRAGRANCE • FOR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS • FOR COOLNESS • FOR AFTER SHAVING • WHILE FLYING • ON CRUISES • ON TRAIN JOURNEYS • IN THE BATH • OR THE SICK ROOM

A Matter of Money

Continued from page 7

SOMETIMES when nobody was talking to him he'd look round the room at the old-fashioned worn furniture, the orange vase with the cluster of red cotton roses. It was nice to think that all over the country there must be pleasant unpretentious homes like this one, friendly people like these. As he sat there, more of the round cold lump inside him chipped off, grew warm, and lodged in his throat.

After a while people got up and said they must be leaving—they'd had a very nice time, thank you. And Woodie got up with the others. He got his cap and Pete and he left together. Pete had to go back down and get his cap and work the rest of the night. Woodie copied the prim way the others had thanked Mrs. Pete. He wanted to do what was expected of him.

He and Pete took the long bus ride back to the city and met the friend who was substituting with the taxi. Pete said, "Look, hop in and I'll drive you where you're going. Maybe I'll pick up a couple of fares on the way."

Twice as they rode along people whistled at Pete, and motioned that they wanted the cab. The first time the people wanted to go uptown and Pete drove on. But the second time a distinguished elderly couple in evening clothes wanted to go to the Harbor Hotel.

Pete opened the door for them. The woman sat next to Woodie. Before he knew it he was talking to them both. When they got to the hotel the woman said, "Would you be willing to let me send an order of cigarettes and other things to you occasionally? I send a great many boxes to servicemen, but it would be so much more fun to send a few to men I had seen and could picture receiving them?" She seemed to wait very anxiously for him to decide.

He said he would be very grateful to receive those things from her. He gave her his name and address.

When they arrived at the barracks Woodie said, "Pete, I'd like to pay you for the taxi and the bus. I could go in and borrow the money from Willie. He'd let me have some."

Pete said, "Forget it. Well, good-bye, kid." He took out a colored handkerchief, blew his nose resoundingly, and drove off.

Woodie went inside. He found Willie-the-Bag Willie said, "There's a note for you. And here's your wallet. They found it on the floor after you and I left."

Woodie thanked him and took the wallet. He opened it, and the bills, plus 65 cents, were inside. So that was that. He opened the note.

It said, "Received your telegram, few down. Hotels are full. Will be sitting in the lobby Hotel Hadley. Hastily, Helen."

He read that and the cold lonely lump inside him suddenly began to bounce against his heart very hard. You couldn't let yourself believe a thing like that. There was a catch to it somewhere.

The Hadley was the nearest hotel to the barracks. On his way over, when he realised that people were staring at him, he slowed down to a walk. He humbly wished that he knew the right words to pray that this was real—that she'd be there.

She walked toward him across the lobby and she was cool and poised. It was as if she were looking deep inside him with her eyes, measuring him, hoping, but on guard.

He said, "Helen, it— And then something was in his throat again so that he never finished.

She said, still measuring him, still on guard, "I decided from that message of yours that you might be leaving here soon. I wanted to say good-bye to you before you went." She didn't add, "and before I was married." But she might as well have.

He felt worse than ever then. He'd known there was a catch to it, that it didn't mean anything. He was glad she'd come to say good-bye to him. Only that wasn't what he wanted. That wasn't at all what he wanted.

He became conscious then that other people were watching them curiously. He said, "Let's go out and walk, Helen. It would be nicer to walk."

Without a word she turned and they went outside together. In the friendly darkness there was the feel of her coat; of her presence there beside him. They walked for a long time, and later they found a bench overlooking the water and sat on it for a while.

There was too much to talk about, that was the trouble. Woodie wanted to say something that would impress Helen and make her change toward him. But what could he say? That would take days or weeks—he couldn't do it all in a minute.

So they talked about commonplace things. Helen told him how, after receiving his telegram, she'd gone to the airport and a stranger had given up his reservation to her when he learned that she was on her way to say good-bye to a soldier.

"Only," she asked Woodie, "why did it say at the bottom of the telegram, 'This message paid for by a collection taken up among people in Empire Telegraph office'?"

So Woodie understood for the first time himself, and he told her. He told her then about getting to be Willie-the-Bag's buddy. And about all the nice things people had done for him that night.

He'd been so interested in telling these things that he hadn't noticed the change in Helen, so maybe it had been gradual. But all of a sudden he realised that her eyes were caressing and promising, and there wasn't any coldness in them or any suspicion or anything.

Then she said, "Woodie, maybe you'd like to know that I decided I couldn't go through with the wedding. I decided it before I even came down here. Because I loved somebody else. Only I'd decided it would never do for me to marry him."

"And was it—"

"It was you," Helen nodded gravely.

Woodie was wild inside, but he didn't want any mistakes. He said, "But what about those reasons you gave for not wanting to marry me? Won't those crop up again?"

And she shook her head and he felt as if she were laughing at him a little. As if she knew something he didn't know. And she said, "Somehow I'm not worrying about those at all now."

It was a long time later, and they were walking again, when he stopped suddenly because it had just come to him that the 65 cents shouldn't have been in his wallet if the wallet was back at the barracks all the time.

He stopped under a light to make sure that he hadn't been mistaken. And he hadn't. He went through the wallet carefully. The notes were there and the silver was there. Also there was a note that he hadn't seen before.

It said, "Remember me telling you I'd been in the cink? Well, I done time for being a pickpocket. And if I do say so, I was a good one, too."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

PRIVATE JACK CARROLL, A.I.F., of Annandale, N.S.W., was a prisoner of war in Japan. He arrived home last week by air, landing at Mascot Aerodrome, N.S.W.

He was met by his father, mother, and sister, and after an emotional family reunion gently told his mother that he must now go out to the hospital with the others for a medical examination before he could go home.

His mother kissed him. "Come straight home, son," she said.

"Gosh," he said with a grin, "things certainly haven't changed much round here."

All tied up

OUR Canberra correspondent reports that it is quite simple to pick out the secretaries and pressmen who attended the UNICO conference in San Francisco.

It's the colorful ties that give them away.

One secretary, who confined his choice to a hectic pattern of squares, oblongs, and stripes, says the apparent reason for the American gay ties is to brighten up everything.

Ties are often designed to suit the wearer's hobby; for instance, a baseball fan can buy a tie patterned with baseball bats.

One shop in San Francisco displayed a special UNICO variety, each tie typical of a nation. The Australian one was bright blue with pale blue kangaroos.

AUSTRALIANA: Royal Navy men say they find disconcerting the Australian habit of adding "How are you?" to hullo, good morning or good evening.

"We don't quite know how we should answer it," said one sailor.

"We can't imagine that you are so genuinely interested in our health, but it certainly sounds sincere."

Presidential notes

BIOGRAPHERS of the late President of U.S.A., Franklin Delano Roosevelt, will be able to consult the greatest wealth of material ever available on the life and works of a public man.

In the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park there are housed the public papers and official correspondence of his office years and his large private collection of paintings, prints, manuscripts, letters, and private library of more than 20,000 books. Also documents on the American Navy dating from 1775 to the present day.

The correspondence files are gigantic. Thousands of letters received daily at the White House during the last 12 years supplement the hundreds of thousands of letters of President Roosevelt's previous years of public life.

There are nine volumes of his official public papers and addresses from 1928 to 1941.

Postcard wallpapers

THE 180 new designs for wall-papers at a recent exhibition in London evoked the comment from British writer H. Pearl Adam that "walls are going to appear again after some years of creamy oblivion."

It is obvious that the post-war wallpapers are going to challenge the eyes.

A favorite design, quotes the writer, is "the optical illusion representing rectangular or circular projections from a plain or marbled ground, with a central ornament, in violently contrasting color."

Leading artists and designers who contributed designs were: Graham Sutherland, Edmund Dulac, Enid Marx, Hans Tisdall, Clifford and Rosemary Ellis.

It is expected that the majority of papers displayed will be available for purchase shortly, and also the odd seven hundred other designs not shown.

The designs are based on stripes, spots, floral motifs, embossed textures, and plastic textures.

DINNER, 1955?

[U.S. Navy doctors are using penicillin mixed with ice-cream as a cure for throat ailments.]

WOULD you kindly pass the penicillin, please?

[Our crust is a cure-all for every dread disease.]

Try some atabrin dissolved in soup, or powdered on the side? And may I trouble you, my dear, for the sulphamidate?

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

FASHION note: Mr. Arnold Hard, editor of "Tailor and Cutter," published in England, says that the bowler for business wear has ceased to be fashionable. Its place has been taken by the Homburg.

Grandfather returned

AT the 113th A.G.H. Concord, Sydney, two-months-old Audrey Ninnex waited to welcome her grandfather, Pte. S. J. S. Cooper, who did not know she existed, did not even know his daughter was married.

But he did not come. He had got off the train at Wauchope, on the North Coast, so that he could go straight to his home at Pembroke. With Audrey was her mother, Mrs.

Animal Antics



Aren't those clothes dried yet? I'm getting tired standing on my head!

F. Ninnex, married a year ago to Pte. Ninnex, now in Borneo, and grandmother, wife of Pte. Cooper.

Mrs. Cooper has been looking after the family's 30-acre dairy farm, although she is crippled with rheumatism.

Suggestion box

AMERICA'S Attorney - General Tom Clark asked for it.

He told employees that he welcomed suggestions for better running of the Washington office.

He produced a suggestion box, and every night read his fan mail.

Last week he received a suggestion which caused him to call in the F.B.I.

The letter said: "You ought not to wear bow ties. They lack the dignity attached to your office. Your wife should rearrange her hair-do. It makes her look undignified. Don't forget she's the wife of the Attorney-General."

Clark was annoyed. He asked F.B.I. sleuths to trace the writer. They did. It was Tom Clark's son.

Nostalgia

ACCORDING to a letter from an Australian in London, Mrs. L. Klem, of Clifton Gardens, N.S.W., Lady Wakehurst, wife of the former Governor of N.S.W., is still missing Australia, and in a poetic phrase expressed her nostalgia for the southern continent.

"When I met her one day in London," wrote Mrs. Klem, "hurryling along with some household shopping, she said to me, 'I do feel homesick for the brown-burnt plains and the sad, green trees of Australia.'"

Anti-climax

PRIVATE DAVID C. McILROY, of Roseville, N.S.W., serving with the 2nd Australian P.O.W. Reception Group, sends this story about the Commander-in-Chief of South-East Asia Command, Lord Louis Mountbatten.

When Lord Louis visited the Australian camp and spoke to the P.O.W.s, he told them how he had prepared a mighty assault force to attack the beachheads after a terrific naval bombardment. Nothing was left to chance, but before the attack began peace was declared.

When he arrived in Singapore his first job was to inspect the defences which he might have had to storm.

"And," he said, "what do you think I found?"

"Three — strands of barbed wire."

Private McIlroy says that Lord Louis is popular with all the Services. When he visited the Australians he was accompanied by his wife.

Prison camp souvenirs

PRECIOUS articles made in a prison camp when he was a Japanese P.O.W. are still being used by Major-General Keith Simmons, who recently flew from Mukden camp to Melbourne, where his wife and three daughters are living.

General Simmons was G.O.C. Southern Area, Malaya, at time of the Singapore surrender.

His spectacles are enclosed in a khaki folder strengthened with a piece of bamboo and stitched with hessian threads, and he carries his cigarettes in a hand-stitched leather case made from a piece of an old suitcase.

Important dispatches brought out by the General were in a concealed flap of a canvas saddle-bag.

"I laid a red herring for the Japs by putting a child's atlas in the bag."

"They confiscated that, but were too stupid to look any further," said the General.

News from home

FIRST news of their friends at home was brought to Australian prisoners of war on Hainan Island by The Australian Women's Weekly.

When the troopship H.M.S. Glenearn called at the island to take off some of the prisoners the Aussies found that one of the officers, Lieutenant Joel P. Simons, R.N.V.R., was a regular recipient of the magazine.

In a letter to a Sydney friend he wrote:

"Your magazine was eagerly seized upon as soon as it was discovered on the ship. Lots of the men found news of their friends at home."

"So, Old So-and-So has got himself married!"

"Yes, and Old So-and-So has not only got himself married, but has a family, too, and many such remarks floated about the decks."

RUBBISH. To clear away the debris in Berlin before the city can be rebuilt, engineers estimate that ten trains, with 20 trucks each, would have to leave every day—and then it would take 13 years!

Fighting family

ONLY three of his seven brothers were able to be home to greet returned prisoner of war Pte. Johnny Elliott, of Bondi, N.S.W., when he arrived last week from Singapore.

They were Alfred, recently discharged from the Sixth Division; Bob, formerly signaller in the A.I.F.; and Aubrey, on leave from camp in N.S.W.

The others, Everard, in the Merchant Navy, is on a ship evacuating the Jap soldiers from Nauru; Ernie is in Melbourne with a survey unit, and Steve is with the A.I.F. in Queensland.

He did not know until he got home that the eighth brother, Dudley, was killed at El Alamein.

Pte. Johnny Elliott was captured at Singapore with a medical unit, and after working on the notorious Burma-Thailand railroad was sent back to Changi camp, where he was when the war ended.



"Testing."



"I was worn to a frazzle"

"SO nervous and touchy, the least little thing upset me—and a manicurist can't afford to be jumpy and out of sorts. So it was a 'break' when I found out that I could keep regularly well with Kellogg's All-Bran."

To keep fit the natural way, the SAFE WAY, you must be sure of getting sufficient "bulk" in your diet... the "bulk" your system needs to exercise the internal muscles and keep them up to the mark.

So many of our modern foods are soft. They lack "bulk"—and that is very likely the cause of your trouble. But Kellogg's All-Bran puts that missing "bulk" right back in your diet.

Food authorities say that bran is one of the most satisfactory bulk foods because it does not break down within the system... and Kellogg's All-Bran is 100% bran in a delicious cereal form. It's the safe way—and the pleasant way to keep your system in good working order.

Here's how to keep fit with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



Prove to yourself how grand it is to keep naturally well, have the energy for those extra things you want to do! Start your breakfast each morning with half a cup (one ounce) of Kellogg's All-Bran with milk, sugar and your favourite fresh or stewed fruit.





KEITH EADIE, who composes
"Your Hour of Music" session, from
Station 2GB.

Listeners select own music

A new programme consisting of music chosen by listeners is broadcast from Station 2GB between 10 and 11 o'clock each morning from Monday to Friday.

From 12 to 16 discs are played during this session.

JUDGING by the number of request letters received from housewives, it is mostly women who listen to music during the morning.

There is one man, though, who has been on shift work for 30 years. He has already sent in a programme.

Most of the music chosen is classical or semi-classical. An analysis of the suggested records shows that the trend is strongly toward melodious music and away from jazz.

The most popular music among listeners is light orchestral work, with Eric Coates and Strauss rating very high. Lieder and operatic selections are next in popularity.

Many people have asked for whole concertos and symphonies, but this is not practical, as it would destroy the greatest asset of the programme, its versatility.

Keith Eadie, who composes the session, says that people appreciate good music, and they are determined to have it.

Some of the records in constant demand are Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz and his "Tales from the Vienna Woods," the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and John Charles Thomas singing "The Open Road."

Most popular song of all is "Society Awakes My Heart," from "Samson and Delilah."

Vocal numbers are the most popular, with orchestral items next. Instrumental work runs last.

Although few listeners ask for jazz, almost every suggested programme has one song from Bing Crosby. The most popular orchestra is the Boston Promenade, and the most popular singer, excluding Bing Crosby, is Richard Tauber.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 6.50 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Oct. 11 (from 4.30 to 4.55): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.
FRIDAY, Oct. 12: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goode Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Oct. 13: Goode Reeve presents R & S competitions, "Melody Four-square."
SUNDAY, Oct. 14 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Oct. 15: Goode Reeve's "Letters From the Service."
TUESDAY, Oct. 16: Goode Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."



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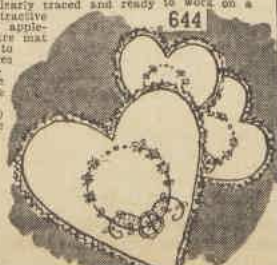
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It is by Women that Nature writes on the Heart of Man

Behind every ennobling act of man there is a mother, or wife to prompt his action. No sacrifice is beyond him upon whose heart a woman has written. With the coming of Peace the need for sacrifice remains, a job has still to be finished. Our heroes have to be repatriated, prisoners of war must be brought home, the sick and wounded have to be restored to health. The Fourth Victory Loan is still a war loan. You would not wish that your man should fail to help rehabilitate these heroes. Nor will you hesitate to help him invest all the money you both can spare towards making this loan a success.

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NO matter what I thought, it was all real. There was the two boys in the white head things and there was the gentleman, standing under the light, smoking a cigarette.

And there was us, and more brown men crowding in, and me holding out my fist and opening it.

There was the ring, and there was the broken chain in my hands, and there was the gentleman that I had just found out about as being a prince, beaming, and his attendants all big-eyed as I handed back the ring and chain. And next thing, the prince was on his knees and kissing the toe of my slipper, and that's all I remembered, except that I knew I had gone and fainted for the first time in my life.

The next thing I knew I was laying on a soft bed with my shoes off, in the prettiest bedroom you ever saw. Soft rose-colored lights and heavy rose silk curtains pulled all the way across the windows.

Pretty soon the door opened and one of the boys came in with a little tray with coffee in a teeny little doll cup. It came over me when I saw the little sandwiches that I was empty, and no wonder.

The boy sat down the tray on a little table and touched his forehead with his fingers and bowed and went out.

I began to get my senses back. I knew I would have to think in a minute, but before trying that I thought I better eat the sandwiches and drink the coffee. It was black and sweet and strong enough to go out and work for a living. There was a little skinny pot with more in it and three little pieces of candy. So I ate it all and drank it all. So by that time I was wide awake and all ready to start thinking, and about time, too.

But before I could more than get up and look at myself in the glass, the door opened and somebody says, "May I chance acquaintance come to call?" And I knew it was Mr. Wens.

"Sure," I says. "How long was I out?"

"Long enough," he says. "Did you find the clothes?"

"No, I didn't," I says. "What clothes?"

"There," he says, and points to a sofa that had only one arm, and there was a black dress and a cute little black hat and a fur coat that could of fooled a mink, and gloves and a black handbag; and, beside it, a little travelling bag, black, too; and under the couch, two black pumps, and one of my slippers, and when I looked back at him he was grinning.

"Whose dead?" I says, but I don't feel like joking. "Whose are they?" I says.

"Yours," he says. "We'll get you some more in Mexico City," he says.

"Will they fit?" I says.

"They ought to come near it," he says. "I took your slipper and that coat that seemed to fit you."

"But this time of night," I says, "or morning?"

"There's shops in the hotel," he says, "and the manager at my urgent request woke up one of his guests who owns one of 'em. He seemed to enjoy choosing things for you. Better get dressed. I'll step out."

So he went out, I started dressing, and was I surprised to find everything a near enough fit!

"Listen," he says, when he came back, "I want you to go, anyway as far as Mexico with the prince, and I don't want you to ask too many questions why. You are a godsend to the Department," he says. "Mr. Hoover's Department," he says. "Do you want to see my identification?"

"You're all right," I says.

"How do you know?" he says.

"I know," I says. "Go on."

"Well," he says, "I'll fix it so the prince will ask you to fly to Mexico along with him and his sweet."

"Who's she?" I says, and he told me that a lot of people that travels along with a prince is called his sweet, all of 'em.

"How will you fix it?" I says.

"Never mind, I think it's a good thing for you to be out of town for a while anyway," he says.

"Listen, Mr. Wens," I says.

"Who?" he says.

"Wens, ain't that your name?" I says.

"I remember when I says this is my friend Pimples what's your name that you said Wens."

Maiden With Butterflies

Continued from page 3

He laughed kind of soft for quite a while.

"Listen," I says, "are you arresting me or not? I gotta understand some things."

"Arresting you?" he says. "What for?" he says.

"About the ring. I thought first those four brown gangsters in the big car was after him, the gentleman, you know, the prince. Then you was with 'em then I thought you was arresting me; now I don't know. I never heard of dressing anybody up in mourning to take 'em to gaol and besides I didn't know we had gaols in Mexico."

"Baby," he says, "you're wonderful. Forget it. You've done us all a greater service than we could ever thank you for. You see, the prince just got tired of people last night, after the mayor's dinner, and somehow he got away from his sweet, and into Butch's place. And while we was looking the town over to find him so we could keep on watching over him till he gets across the border, he disappeared. But along comes a little angel to guard the little

prince and his rubles, too. You're a heroine," he says.

"Why ought I to go to Mexico?" I says.

"Well, for one thing," he says, "this paper here says that it is reported that the prince came to America to sell about a bushel of emeralds and diamonds and rubies. Just why he sold 'em I can't tell you, yet. But from what I hear of your friend Pimples and his little playmates, they might, when they read that little item, get it through their thick skulls that maybe that wasn't a tall-light you was so anxious to pay them a few chips for. Don't you see what I mean?"

And boy, I did.

"Just so," he says. "They'll be pretty sore," he says, "and who could blame them? Now the prince is leaving about sunrise from the airport, in a very neat little job that he bought himself while passing through Detroit, and I have told him that you are in a kind of spot with Pimples and his little pals, and natur-

ally the prince feels that he ought to do anything he can for you, after you risking all to get Hankah back for him."

"Who's that?" I says.

"That," he says, "is the name of the ruby in the ring."

"Do they christen their rubies?" I says. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Baby," he says, "unless I miss my guess, you're going to learn about a lot of things you never heard about before."

"But how can I go, now I know he's a prince?"

"Forget it," he says. "He's as nice a little guy as ever rode a elephant."

"But who's going to pay my way back?"

"Listen," he says, and he come over and stood looking in my eyes, and I couldn't help thinking how much like the real thing he looked—boyish and nice and ready to grin. "You've got to understand what that ruby's worth to these boys," he was saying.

"I know, the Wrigley Building. You told me," I says.

"But more than that," he says, "it's



"How do I know how it happened? It's dark down there!"

sacred. You see, it was on the finger of a very special god of theirs."

"He must have been a giant," I says. "How'd he lose his ring?"

"Well," he says, "a very unexpected earthquake came along and shook him off his throne. His stone hand, with this ring on his thumb, broke off and rolled down the hill right into the front door of this prince's old father's private palace. This hand has become a kind of relic. So this old prince, when his youngest boy started out on this trip, took the ring off of the stone hand and tied the ring round his boy's neck, and let him come to America with the family jewellery."

"He has already raised a terrific lot on this for what purpose Mr. Hoover's noisiest little sleuths, in association with Sherlock Holmes and Scotland Yard and every department in England, including Big Ben, have been unable to find out. But I just mention in passing that what he's over here collecting nickels for seems to be of a good deal of interest to a good many governments."

"Has he sold 'em all—the jewellery?" I asked.

"We don't know," he says, "but one thing we do know. His old man thought this magic ring from this god would protect the young prince and the funny thing is that it has. What I mean is, I guess these Indians feel like they owe you about this room full of money. So you go ahead with him and collect it." "But if they don't pay up we'll sure bring you back from wherever you want to ditch the picnic. You and your Aunt Mary, too."

"My what?" I says.

"Your Aunt Mary," he says. "You naturally couldn't go off to Mexico with a lot of strange brown gentlemen without a chaperon, even when they're trying to repay you for saving Hankah, the ruby, by getting you away from dangerous gangsters. So naturally your Aunt Mary will accompany you."

"But who is she?" I says. "I haven't got any Aunt Mary."

"You have, now," he says. "She's a nice woman, young enough to enjoy the trip, but with white hair, so she lends dignity to any gathering. And what's more she's waiting for you right now in the next room, and when you're ready I'd like to bring her in."

"There's just one thing," I says.

"My Pop," I says. "He's in Mat-touan."

"Would you like me to go see him?" he says. "After you're gone, I mean."

"I would scare him to death," I says. "I don't want to scare him."

"Then why tell him at all, till you get back?"

"Because," I says, "he would have to know it. I write him a note twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays, and tell him what I've been doing."

"Your letters are going to be more interesting," he says, "from now on."

"Listen," I says, "he's getting no younger; my mother is dead and I'm all he's got pretty near, except an old toolbox and a pair of patched overalls and a job of carpentering one or two days a week when he feels like working. You can't just send a telegraph boy with a wire that you've gone off in an airplane, that you've never been in one before, with a brown prince and his sweet and an Aunt Mary that you haven't got, and expect him not to blow a gasket," I says.

Please turn to page 24

What's on your mind?

Names may influence child's future

A SUBJECT that deserves a more serious consideration by all parents-to-be is the choice of a suitable and sensible Christian name.

A ridiculous name chosen to flatter a rich relative can be the cause of untold misery to a sensitive child. Equally unwise are descriptive names. I recall a weedy youth, who bore (with pain) the label "Her-cules" and a girl sadly misnamed "Winsome."

Fashionable names and fancy first star names are best avoided, the first "date" the owner and the second lack dignity.

It is important, too, to try suggested names with the surname, as quite a pleasing name may make a very inharmonious combination with the particular surname.

5/- to Mrs. E. Hackett, 10 Claremont Rd., Enfield, N.S.W.

Songs for children

WE complain a lot about children singing unsuitable modern songs, but I believe the fault lies with songwriters.

New songs pour out regularly for adults, but few if any new popular songs are written for children. Children like to be modern. We cannot expect children to sing the songs of half a century ago when we ourselves show a preference for modern songs.

5/- to A. Thornton, John St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

Beware of overcrowding

WE shall become a nation of overcrowded city dwellers manufacturing goods that nobody wants but ourselves if we do not stimulate interest in the land.

Closer settlement and opening of new territory call for immediate action. Farming must be looked upon as a coveted job, and farmers and their wives regarded as important people.

5/- to M. McMillan, Button St., Dandenong, Vic.

Insure against divorce

IT would be an excellent idea if newly married people could take a policy against divorce in the same way that we insure against all other unforeseen things.

If the parties went through married life without a divorce half the insurance money could be paid on their silver wedding and the balance on their golden wedding anniversary.

5/- to W. Date, Ultima, Victoria.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names.

Payment of 5/- will be made for the first letter used, and 1/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Keep clothes rationing

WE hear that clothes rationing may be lifted, and it makes us realise just how we dressed on what seemed a small dress allowance.

To many it was a boon. They did not have to spend money they could ill afford to keep up with their friends. We wore what we had and banked the surplus money.

If Australia wants more babies, I suggest that as an encouragement we still have clothes rationing, but give the expectant mother an unlimited number of coupons.

5/- to Mrs. H. W. Redman, "Girrawheen," Coonawarra, S.A.

Shoes that torture

NO doubt there are many like myself who find a new pair of shoes a very real form of torture.

I have had three pairs of shoes ranging in price from 12/6 to 25/- within the last few months. It may



be something in the tanning, because there is a curious effect, which should interest experts. After the shoes have been worn for several hours stockings show a discoloration the same shape as the shoes and the aching is intolerable.

5/- to Miss F. C. Forman, 26 Beattie Ave., Ryde, N.S.W.

Inferior knitting needles

IT is high time we had a large supply of good-quality knitting needles. They are practically impossible to procure at present and those obtainable are certainly not worth the ninepence and shilling we are forced to pay for them.

After being used for a short while they snap in several places and are quite useless.

5/- to Miss J. Hutchinson, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Cult praised

IN reply to Mrs. E. Smith (22/9/45), who criticised the "stockingless cult," it seems there is little praise for women who have gone stockingless through the war years through no fault of their own. Not so much concern was shown for aged women who could not procure warm stockings for winter, in a wool-producing country.

Let us by all means return to stockings, but I am inclined to think that the "influential business men" are more concerned with the money made on the sale of stockings than whether they are unattractive or otherwise.

5/- to Mrs. A. R. Fuller, "River-view," Urunga P.O., Bellinger River, N.S.W.

Laundries criticised

ACCORDING to reports of the Commonwealth Housing Commission, the minimum area for a laundry should be 30 square feet. This works out roughly at five feet by six feet, including two tubs and a copper.

I would very much like to know if the gentlemen who made these observations have ever tried washing the family sheets and tablecloths in such a small area. We don't like it, and for that reason I hope the house I live in when my husband comes back will have more than the minimum area.

5/- to Mrs. E. M. White, 28 Parr St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

Health check-up

THERE should be an annual physical check-up of all boys and girls over the age of ten years.

Much bad health among young men was revealed in this war and the last. A large number were not allowed to enlist because of fallen arches, and there were cases of T.B. that could have been cured if caught at an earlier stage.

The result of this physical check-up could be kept in the school file and given to the student when leaving school.

5/- to M. Rowston, 11 Mahony Rd., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Too much homework

WHY must children have lots of homework at night? Education authorities should realise that heavy homework leaves children very little time to relax at home.

I know of one boy who goes to sleep over his study every night.

If the school-leaving age were advanced, perhaps children need not absorb so much learning each year, and could be given less homework to do. They would then set off for school each day feeling much fresher.

5/- to Mrs. P. F. Ruckert, Dickens St., Norman Park, Brisbane.

Film Reviews

★ MEN IN HER DIARY

SOPHISTICATED comedy with a competent cast makes Universal's "Men in Her Diary" good entertainment of the escapist type.

Trouble arises when the colorless little secretary, Doris (Peggy Ryan), of business man Randolph Glenning (Jon Hall), lets her imagination run riot with a diary which falls into the hands of Randolph's jealous wife, Isabel (Louise Allbritton).

A divorce court action follows in which a third woman, Diana Lee (Virginia Grey), plays an important part before all the tangles are straightened out.

Louise Allbritton advances further along the road to being an excellent comedienne, and exuberant little Peggy Ryan, as the moth who becomes a butterfly, does a fine job. Jon Hall is good as the centre of all the trouble, and Virginia Grey is properly glamorous.—Victory; showing.



BETTE DAVIS finds a pleasant subject to paint during scenes from her latest Warners film, "Stolen Life," in which she plays a dual role.

★ PRINCESS O'ROURKE

WARNERS' escapist comedy is pure froth, but it is the amusing, charming sort of froth that makes diverting entertainment.

Olivia de Havilland is refreshing in the title role. A royal refugee in America, she falls in love with, and eventually marries, a young American pilot, Robert Cummings. The tale unfolds among many complications, slickly treated and liberally scattered with plenty of witty dialogue.

The starring pair are capably supported by a fine cast. Charles Coburn does a joyous job as Olivia's guardian uncle.—Tatler; showing.

★ THE MINISTRY OF FEAR

PARAMOUNT have failed to make the most of this Nazi spy thriller based on the novel by Graham Greene. Though the theme is set round pre-invasion of Europe days, the story would have been more acceptable at any date had the climax been better handled.

After a good start, the plot deteriorates and becomes commonplace.

Ray Milland, as the man who suddenly gets drawn into a spy hunt and determines to follow the thing



TAKING TIME OFF from shooting of indoor scenes for "The Overlanders," featured players Peter Papay, "Chips" Rafferty, Daphne Campbell, and John Nugent Hayward attend a party in Sydney given by British Empire Films, which will release "The Overlanders."

through, gives his usual dependable performance. There is no subtlety in the role, and Milland makes no attempt to provide any.

Feminine interest comes from pretty Marjorie Reynolds in her first dramatic part, and Carl Esmond is good as her brother.—Capitol; showing.

★ BOSTON BLACKIE—SUSPECT

EVERGREEN Boston Blackie is back once more, with Chester Morris again starring for Columbia in a thriller based on the sale of antique books.

Blackie is suspected of a murder which he knows was committed by a blonde glamor girl, Gloria Manward (Lynn Merrick).

With Blackie trying to trap the

girl and the police trying to arrest Blackie, events are fast and fairly furious. Grim-faced Chester Morris is his familiar self, in finally outwitting everybody. Miss Merrick does well as the beautiful but cold-blooded killer, and Richard Lane is a peppery Inspector of Police.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

THE fifteen-year-old daughter of Joe E. Brown, who has been unable to walk since the automobile accident last year, was estate on her birthday when her dream men from the movies walked in with a birthday cake. Mary's kids, Robert Walker, Van Heflin, Glenn Ford, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Lawford sang "Happy Birthday" to her. Mary, wearing steel braces, managed to walk several steps as she greeted her guests.

News from the studios

By Cable from
VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood.

AUSTRALIAN Edward Ashley's good work opposite Virginia Bruce in "Love, Honor, and Good-bye" won him the lead in Republic's "Madonna's Secret," with Francis Lederer and Gail Patrick.

JUDITH ANDERSON heads New York stage cast in the play titled "The Medina."

MOST unhappy actor this week was Lionel Atwill, who wore high-heeled women's shoes for a scene in a murder mystery titled, "Master Minds." The shoes, specially flown from New York, were size 11C, but Lionel complained they pinched his toes.

VENTRILOQUIST Edgar Bergen searched frantically for Charlie McCarthy when broadcast time drew near last week. Unable to find the wooden dummy, Bergen telephoned the police, thinking that Charlie may have been stolen, but upon unlocking the garage Charlie was found in the back of his car, where the absent-minded Bergen had left him.

CAPABLE actress Dorothy McGuire faces the biggest acting task of her career playing the mute in the psychological drama, "Some Must Watch." Besides having competition from Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy must delineate the character who hears but is unable to speak, which reverses Loretta Young's role in "And Now To-Morrow," where Loretta played a deaf girl who could speak.



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Maiden With Butterflies

Continued from page 23

HE nodded, and I went on: "Besides, and this is very important, I send him a little money every week, see? And maybe he couldn't spend Mexico money even if I got hold of any to send him. I'll have to go to see him and explain it."

"I'm afraid you can't," he says. "You're leaving pretty near right now."

"Listen, Mr. Wens," I says, "I can see there's more to this trip than shooting catfish, but I got to think of my Pop. I can't do it," I says. "I ain't going."

"Wait," he says. "Isn't there somebody else who could go see your Pop and explain?"

"Jeff," I says.

"A relative?"

"No, and Pop never seen him even, but Jeff could do it."

"Better than me?" he says.

"Better than anybody," I says.

"Thanks," he says, "and now where is this Jeff?"

"That's the trouble," I says.

"We'll find him," he says.

"But you can't," I says. "He's hacking, or maybe driving round on the company's gas looking for me all over Chicago."

You don't seem to realise, I says.

"What an impossible thing it is to find a special cab that's cruising round Chicago."

"You don't seem to realise," he says, "who you are mixed up with."

And I certainly didn't.

He bundled me into a car with the lady that was to be my Aunt Mary, and we hadn't hardly got to the airport when a couple motor-cycle cops come roaring up hollering, "Okay, we got him."

And a minute later up come Jeff in his cab, pale as a ghost.

We didn't have long to talk, but I told him as good as I could about this trip to Mexico, and right away he said no I wasn't to. Then Mr. Wens took him off at the side and showed him some papers from his hip pocket, and Jeff come right back and I saw everything was different.

"You've got to go," he says. "I'll be in Mattoon in the morning. Don't worry now, and when you start back just call the cab company, get my boss, Mr. Worthing, reverse the charges, tell him when you'll get in, and I'll meet you, right here on this spot."

"Kiss Pop for me," I says, and I wrote the address. "What about money, Jeff?" I says. "I send Pop two dollars a week for pipe tobacco and shaving soap and things."

"Don't worry," he says, "it's all fixed."

"I'll pay you back," I says.

"It ain't me," Jeff says, and he nodded his head at Mr. Wens.

"Everything is took care of," he says, "by your boy friend."

"He ain't, Jeff," I says. "Honest he ain't. Please don't think he is."

Mr. Wens was yelling "All aboard!" He was surrounded by a lot of

people, the motor-cycle cops that had brought Jeff and more brown men than you ever saw. All the four of the sweet, the two boys and a lot of baggage and a brown pilot and a co-pilot, and so up the steps we went. Aunt Mary held out her hand in a clean white glove to Mr. Wens.

"Thank you so much," she says, "for arranging everything for my niece and me. You were very kind."

"Don't mention it," he says. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Swift," she says, and climbed up the steps to the plane.

"Good-bye," I says, too. "Mr. —"

"Swift," he says, "Wens is my pet name," and he was grinning.

I turned back at the door and looked down the little flight of steps that was on rollers, and there stood Jeff, looking a little scared and sad.

"What's he so troubled about?" I says to myself, and then something sort of melted in my throat. "It's me. Jeff is scared something will happen to me." And, "Jeff," I yelled, "come here," and he ran up the steps as fast they like to of rolled out from under us.

"What do you want?" Jeff says, and his blue eyes was begging me to please want something.

"Just good-bye," I says, and he kissed me, firm and hard.

Somehow I was sitting down and something was roaring, and then Jeff and the buildings moved away faster and faster, and then the whole world settled down below us, and I knew we were gone.

"Good-bye, Jeff," I says, waving my new handkerchief at a cloud and then wiping my eyes with it.

Aunt Mary patted my hand and leaned over to the prince and spoke soft.

"Her brother," she said, with her sweet, quiet smile, and everybody looked sympathetic.

Aunt Mary sat by me, but after a while she went up and sat in another seat and started to write a letter or something. And there I was going up through the morning, and I began getting butterflies in my stomach all over again because I suddenly realised I didn't really know where I was headed for, or why.



To be continued



Movie World

• ANN SHERIDAN. The former "oomph" girl, more glamorous than ever, is back at work with Warners following the settlement of her dispute with the studio. Some months ago the red-haired Texan star made a 69,000-mile entertainment

tour of India, China, and Burma with the USO Camp Shows. She is a good tennis player, rides horseback, and manages an aquaplane with skill. Co-starring with Dennis Morgan, Ann soon will be seen in "One More Tomorrow."

You Can Stop That Backache

But You Must First **HELP YOUR KIDNEYS** to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognise backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, humpage, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains, and dizziness. Remember, keep your kidneys well, and they will keep you well.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**. Use them faithfully, and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of men the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does — take **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** today.



WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. **Midene**, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

How to keep in step with the Army



BY ALLEYNE LESLIE

DO be ready to greet him afterwards with that eager, radiant look. Your best ammunition is always a complexion of disarming loveliness. A touch of Erasmic Vanishing Cream under your powder will hide any tiny flaws and make you so alluring he'll want to go A.W.O. to be with you always.



DON'T try to impress your soldier by turning up in slacks and telling him you're doing a man's job. That kind of act just doesn't rate with the guy who's been spending most of the last few months in fox-holes.

DO take pains to look flower-flesh and dream-girly all the time you're with him. Wear your most feminine clothes. And melt his heart with the sweet, velvety feel of your skin. Regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream makes even old campaigners go down like ninepins.



DON'T attempt to attract his attention in a parade by waving or shouting "Yoo-hoo, Jimmy!" He's not allowed to reply and you'll merely embarrass him.

DON'T imagine that the way to show a major your savoir-faire is to keep him waiting half an hour while you put on the extra glamour.

DO remember that every moment of his leave is precious and be right on the tick, ready to make an indelible impression of the right kind. Finish off your beauty routine with Erasmic Powder. Delicate as gossamer, it clings to the last good-night. And its haunting fragrance will merely make him long for more of you.

ERASMIC Beauty Products



1/2 each

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Sequel to "Lassie Come Home"



1 YOUNG Joe Carraclough, of Yorkshire (Peter Lawford), who is to join R.A.F., is worried about leaving his beautiful collies Lassie and the pup Laddie.



2 ON LEAVE, Joe finds his father (Donald Crisp) in charge of Duke of Rudlings' (Nigel Bruce) kennels, which now are used as training post for Army dogs.



3 LADDIE, grown up, is a constant companion of Joe and Duke's daughter Priscilla (June Lockhart).



4 POSTED to R.A.F. station nearby, Joe is followed by Laddie before he takes off for reconnaissance flight over Norway. He is shot down, but parachutes safely with Laddie.



5 AFTER TRYING to hide, Joe is captured by Nazis, but Laddie is protected by Norwegian children and hidden in a mountain cave.



6 LADDIE finds his way to Joe and helps his escape by attacking the Nazi guard at the camp.



7 AFTER the escape Joe gets a fishing boat and with Laddie returns safely to England, where Priscilla is waiting with Lassie.

"Son of Lassie" features famous collie

NOW a glamor star, the famous collie dog who played the role of Lassie now takes the part of Lassie's son Laddie in his new MGM technicolor film. Now thoroughly trained as an actor, the beautiful collie also does considerable war work. He visits camp hospitals to perform tricks and shake hands with the servicemen, and he is one of the most popular guests at the Hollywood canteen.

He has a five-year contract, receiving 300 dollars a week when he is working. He has a portable dressing-room, and receives 800 fan letters a week.



GOLD!

HISTORY tells us that the discovery in 1851 of gold in Victoria did much to encourage the success and prosperity of the State. One authority reported: "So great were the numbers setting off for the goldfields of New South Wales it seemed likely that Victoria would sink into a very insignificant place among the Australian colonies. In alarm, a number of leading citizens united to form the 'Gold Discovery Committee', and offered a reward of £200 for the first intimation of gold within 200 miles of Melbourne."

The first useful discovery seems to have been made at Clunes on 1st July by a Californian named Esmond, who—despite the counter-claims of a party which made a simultaneous discovery at Anderson's Creek (near Warrandyte) "received honours and emoluments as the first discoverer. Within a month," continues the historian, "Ballarat took rank as the richest goldfield in the world. Ten thousand men were at work on the Yarrowee . . . toiling beneath the ground to excavate the soil and pass it to companions who hurried to the creek, where twelve hundred cradles, worked by brawny arms were washing the sand from the gold."

It was Ballarat and its goldfields which first attracted Thos. Swallow, founder of Swallow & Ariell. But according to a eulogy of a later day, "the scope of his ambition was not to be limited within the bounds of a provincial town, however flourishing. . . . He returned to the metropolis, and with characteristic foresight, seized upon a business site on the sea-board . . ."

SWALLOW & ARIELL

LIMITED

LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY SINCE 1854

MAKERS ALSO OF THE FAMOUS SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING, CAKE, AND ICE CREAM

Baring the midriff...



• Red-and-white Gibson Girl stripes for a dress to go outdoors. The bodice is caught up in the front and ties with a bow to baste a suntanned midriff, and has shirt-sleeves.

• In yellow - and - white printed rayon this midriff dress has a soft top, draped and caught into a ring which also holds the front draped fullness of the skirt.

• Wide blue stripes on snow-white rayon for a more tailored type of week-end. Note rounded square neckline, cuffed cap sleeves, and a midriff cut out to catch more of the sun's rays.

• For having fun in the sun or on the beach or patio, a frilly little two-piece in checked gingham—the top with self frills outlining the cap sleeves and midriff. Two pockets of matching frills.



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protects you against all risk of offending

Staisweet

gives you confidence and natural charm

Staisweet

The Deodorant Cream You can trust!



Ovo Your Eggs

Don't be short of supplies next year. Insist upon Ovo, which keeps eggs fresh and equal to new laid. The proved preparation of 53 years. You can put a tin down at a time. Obtainable all Grocers.

FOR NOW ... and brighter times ahead



IT'S A GEM! Janis Carter (Columbia) wears it. Hair is scraped back from brow and up from neck and swept to one side, where it is massed in two large coils.



NIGHT AND DAY: Striking style sponsored by Adelle Jergens, of Columbia, is shown above (back view at right). A black switch is plaited along with her own fair locks. Note centre parting, the way hair is softly waved away from forehead.



GRACIOUS, BE-COMING: Soft up-swept hair-style that suits women from twenty-five to sixty-five. Note the back view immediately above. For a special occasion this style is well worth following. Particularly becoming to a rounded face; gives an air of charming fragility to the oval face; should not be worn by a woman with a long face.



Leafmould helps the garden

FOR countless centuries leafmould has been Nature's own fertiliser.

Growing plants withdraw certain chemical elements from the soil and utilise them in the formation of their structural framework, flowers, fruits, seeds, and foliage.

When the leaves, petals, fruits, seeds, bark or bits of branches or trunks fall, they carry with them these same elements, and gradually release them to re-enter the ground.

Decomposition eventually sets in and the fallen materials become an integral part of the basic soil from which the tree, shrub or plant grew.

And this interesting process of building up and falling down plays an important part in our modern gardening efforts, for true leafmould is without doubt the safest form of humus one can find.

Leafmould is not just a mass of rotted leaves still resembling their original structure. It is, or should be, wholly disintegrated, formless and broken up leaf residue. In color it should be dark brown or nearly black, light, spongy, and extremely retentive of moisture, yet well aerated, normally free of seed and diseases, rather fluffy when dry.

A whole garden filled with rich, dark, friable leafmould is the gardener's ideal, but it is as well to remember that Nature herself uses other materials, such as rock frag-

ments, sand, silt, clay, and their chemical ingredients.

These two comprise in themselves a priceless reservoir of plant nutrients, but it is only through the activities of countless bacteria, for which leafmould forms an ideal home, that their chemicals are converted into forms which plants can use.

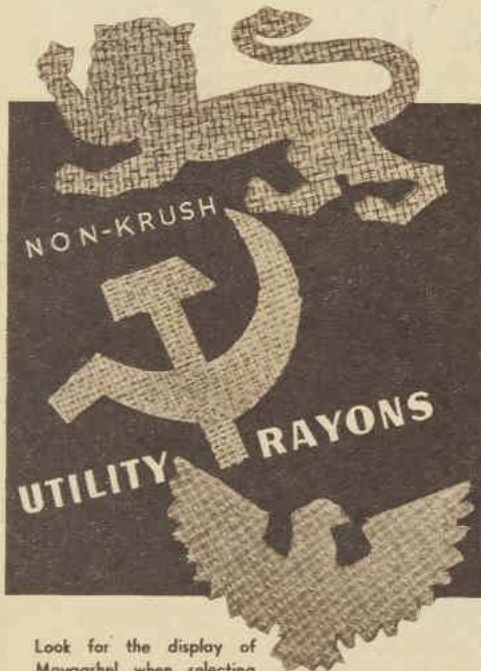
It pays the gardener to take his car, truck, or even sulky or bicycle, and a supply of bags, out into the bush, and there to gather the rich brown to black leafmould, or dead leaves which may be damped down, stored in a warm, moist spot, and thus converted into leafmould.

A pit, heap, or a wire-netting cage that will hold the leaves together while decaying is the usual method adopted for making leafmould. The time required for their complete disintegration varies from a few months in the case of leaves of deciduous trees to three or four years in the case of eucalyptus and other hardwoods.

Damp them down well, apply no lime, because some plants dislike it, stir them frequently, damping each time you turn them over, and you'll have a fine, cheap, natural form of humus suitable for potting ferns, orchids, most bush-house varieties, or adding to the flower and vegetable beds outside.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

STEVENSON'S MOYGASHEL



Look for the display of Moygashel when selecting materials for suits or dresses. Glorious colors, superb quality, and they are crease-resisting and washable.

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How to Keep Fit

Keep healthy—free from constipation—with Nyal Figsen. To-night, before going to bed, chew one or two pleasant-tasting Figsen tablets. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, yet thoroughly and effectively. Nyal Figsen is an ideal laxative for every member of the family. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

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THE PERFECT
WHITE SHOE CLEANER

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Cuticura OINTMENT

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.—

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frosol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

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Clean Smoothly with **VIM** -NEVER SCRATCHES

HOORAY FOR VIM! I'M AN OLD-TIMER BUT VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES KEEP ME LIKE NEW.



Am. 5.324/1



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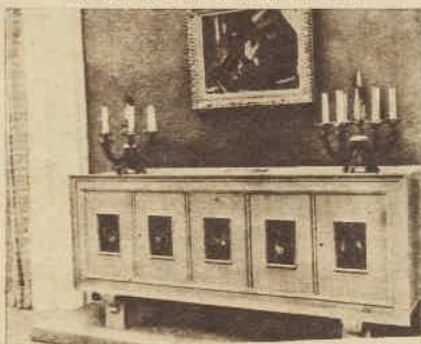
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This furniture was made in France



AUSTERE, BUT COLORFUL: Dining-room with marine theme. Walls an imitation of deep sea perspective, with exotic plant designs. White chairs have sky-blue seats; white waxed oak table.



NOVEL SIDEBOARD: This piece of furniture, minus or plus its ceramic decorations, will interest all homemakers because of its styling and its storage capacity. It is of white waxed oak.



BOUDOIR CORNER: It's rather exotic, as becomes the Frenchwoman. The novel chestnut work-table has swinging drawers. The fascinating chair is upholstered in white satin, studded for effect.



MORE BOUDOIR: Wardrobe to hold m'lady's frothy underwear and her snappy accessories is in eucalyptus; also dressing-table and stool. Stool is upholstered in rose satin. Note huge floor lamp.

QUALITY

HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR

Case of soldier who returns ... disabled

I HAD known the Bentford family since before the war. I had brought their two children into the world.

Bentford had been athletic, full of life, and prior to joining up had been the city salesman for a hardware firm. He had been right through the war, but now he was in a military hospital in his home State, recovering from the loss of his right leg—in action in the Pacific.

Yesterday, I ran into Mrs. Bentford. She seemed troubled.

"I've been visiting my husband in hospital, doctor, and he's much quieter than usual. Can you help me to understand the outlook of a disabled man?" she asked.

"The fear of all disabled men is that they will not stand an equal chance with able-bodied men," I told her. "They loathe the sympathy or pity, but they need true affection from the ones they love. They regard their disability as something which threatens their position as a member of a home or a community."

"The man in the next bed to my husband is very cheerful, and keeps everyone in good spirits, even though he lost a leg, too," said Mrs. Bentford.

"That man is certainly a tower of strength to the morale of the ward," I said. "That cheerful attitude is fairly common in the early stages of a disability, but it must not be allowed to result in a neglect to plan a reordering of their lives in such a way that proper adjustments will be made."

"What is the basis of the adjustment?" asked Mrs. Bentford.

"There are two parties to this adjustment," I said.

"One is the man's attitude to other people, and the second is other people's attitude to him."

"What is his right attitude to other people?" asked Mrs. Bentford.

"It mainly hinges on his working

capacity. He will need to choose an occupation which is within his disability limits, but which will give him an interest, an opportunity for advancement, and a sense of freedom and independence. He need not have a sedentary job entirely.

"Had he any special training in his Army life?" I asked.

"He was always keen on accountancy," replied Mrs. Bentford.

"That seems to offer a happy solution to his problem. The vocational guidance officer will go thoroughly into such a choice and even now discuss future plans with him, because he will be helped by constructive thinking about the future. Keep his thoughts to future plans, and away from the past. Try to plan for a better job than he had before."

"What is the right attitude of other people to him?" she asked.

"The disabled man deserves special consideration to help him to find his place in the community, but he does not want charity, excessive pity, or fulsome praise. He is quick to sense insincerity. He wants, above all, a normal place among his fellows, and a chance to overcome the effects of his disability."

"He does not want to be asked, 'how it happened' by everyone he meets."

"He needs recognition of his service and his disability, but mainly in the direction of long-continued help to adjust himself to life in his community. This help should not be obtrusive or noisy in the way of charity."

"He should be encouraged to live a normal social life. Help him to learn the social techniques of, say, bridge or billiards, which are within the limits of his disability."

"If there is a local movement for community development, take a part in it, because that helps his thoughts toward the future, and away from his personal concerns."

By
MEDICO



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Cyclax

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Obtainable from leading Stores throughout Australia



From 5 to 7 O'clock

By
OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly.

● Enticing little appetisers for a late afternoon party and easy-to-extend casseroles for those few who always stay on after the party is officially over.

INVOKE a spirit of adventure when planning concoctions to pile on fried or toasted bread snippets.

Let yourself go with the garnishes, planning gay platter bouquets of choice salad accessories or fresh garden flowers.

Get out your biggest platters. It's not a hearty meal you are serving at this late afternoon party.

These foods are only social titbits, little piquant appetisers, planned to create a gay before-dinner atmosphere.

Have tucked away in the kitchen oven a couple of hearty-sized casseroles and have ready a pile of cut bread for toast. There is always the guest of honor and the family and a few intimates to feed after the other guests have gone.

CANAPES

Canapés are little shapes of fried bread or pastry spread with piquant savory mixtures. They should be provokingly interesting to look at—and to eat.

To prepare bread canapés cut the

bread into slices 1 in. thick. Remove crusts and cut into small shapes—rounds, triangles, diamonds, oblongs, strips. Deep-fry, toast or sauté until pale brown. Drain on absorbent paper.

Suggested Spreads and Mixtures:
Chopped nuts pounded with well-seasoned butter.

Minced chives and lemon juice pounded with butter or cream cheese. Finely chopped mint and lemon juice creamed with butter and then colored green.

Finely chopped watercress or mustard-cream with a seasoning of lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce with butter, cream cheese, or scrambled egg.

Salted anchovies parboiled in boiling water, sieved, seasoned with lemon and extended with butter or cream sauce.

Cream cheese topped with strawberries, whole or sliced.

Cream cheese with chopped capicum and a hint of onion juice.

Cream cheese and chopped walnuts.

Cream cheese and chopped celery.

Salted fish, cooked, flaked, and bound with mayonnaise.

Lobster meat bound with cream sauce or mayonnaise.

Shelled prawns on a spread of well-salted butter, seasoned with lemon.

Curried egg with chopped apple and chutney.

Minced ham, seasoned with mustard and bound with a little mayonnaise.

Green-pea puree, seasoned with lemon juice, a hint of onion juice, and celery salt.

Minced chicken livers and chopped hard-boiled eggs bound with a little cream or mayonnaise.

Minced apple, grated cheese, and finely chopped celery, with a little mayonnaise.

Anchovy paste spread on canapés and topped with sliced hard-boiled egg dusted with paprika or powdered parsley.

ON COCKTAIL STICKS

Stab dainty savory shapes with cocktail sticks, garnish gaily with bouquets of herbs, salad greens, or snippets of crisp carrot, celery, or radish. Serve hot or cold according to type.

For hot morsels try:
Minute chicken croquettes . . .

minced chicken bound with potato and beaten egg, or with thick white sauce, crumbed, and deep-fry.

Cocktail frankfurts, heated in boiling water, seasoned with lemon in cooking, and with mustard after draining.

Bacon rolls, stuffed with oysters or mushrooms or chickens' livers, or cheese cubes or seasoned bread-crumbs, and quickly grilled.

Large prunes, stoned and stuffed with cheese or chopped ham or bacon, and oven baked or grilled.

For cold, skewered savories try:
Cream cheese balls rolled in

chopped walnuts.

Pineapple and cheese cubes.

Wafer-thin slices of salad sausage spread with chutney, rolled, and fastened with cocktail sticks.

WELCOME-HOME PARTIES are in fashion. For a late afternoon party, here is a generous platter packed with canapés, piquant and dainty . . . cream cheese with strawberries, curried egg, cream cheese and capicum, devilled ham . . . with nutty cream cheese, cocktail sandwiches and cheese biscuits. The garnish is port wine magnolias.

Cubes of grapefruit, avocado, or papaw skewered with lobster meat or shelled prawns.

Tiny new potatoes, boiled, rolled in mustard dressing, and then in chopped parsley.

COCKTAIL SANDWICHES

Bread must be of wafer thinness, and fillings very piquant. Use brown and white bread, wholemeal bread, rye bread, nut and fruit bread. Cut them into tiny, dainty shapes. Deck them with festive salad accessories.

For special-occasion fillings try:
Oysters or scallops dipped in lemon and tomato dressing.

Minced lobster or crab meat, with lemon juice.

Minced chicken seasoned lightly with herbs.

Lamb's brains pounded with chopped walnuts and seasoned carefully.

Peanut butter seasoned with lemon rind and juice, or a very little Worcestershire sauce.

Curried egg pounded to a smooth spread, and seasoned with onion juice and chopped parsley.

Minced nuts and cream cheese.

Grated apple, grated carrot, onion

juice, parsley, and mayonnaise.

FRUIT JUICE COCKTAILS

Chill them, and spice them, and color them for planned effect. If the occasion is gay enough, and the mood is festive enough, these juices will go over in a big way at your five-to-seven parties.

Prepare the glasses by dipping the rims in lemon juice, and then in a frosting of sugar (except for tomato cocktail).

Try these mixtures: One pint of grape juice, chilled thoroughly with 3 tablespoons of lemon juice and

1 teaspoon grated orange rind, and then mixed with equal quantity of chilled ginger-ale.

One cup of crushed mint leaves, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind shaken well with 2 cups orange juice and 1 cup of grapefruit juice; chill, strain, and combine with soda or ginger-ale.

One cup pineapple juice, 2 cups orange juice, 2 cups apple juice or cider, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 cloves, sliced cucumber garnish, few cherries. Chill thoroughly and serve with cracked ice.

Mix 2 cups grapefruit juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup ginger syrup, 2 tablespoons chopped ginger. Chill thoroughly, color pale green, and garnish each glass with red cherry.

Two cups concentrated tomato juice, 2 to 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, pepper and salt to taste. Chill thoroughly.

SALTY NUT BISCUITS

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. finely chopped nuts, 1 egg, about 1 tablespoon water, drop of onion juice.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in fat, add nuts and mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and water. Roll to a thin sheet on lightly floured board. Trim edges and cut into dainty shapes—squares, diamonds, triangles, or strips. Place on greased tray. Lightly season again with salt, afterwards brushing with milk and little beaten egg and water. Bake in fairly hot oven (425 deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned, 7 to 10 minutes.

Continued on page 31

GAS
ELECTRIC
FUEL

Mrs Housewife
did you know
that

"HI-SPEED"



Your old favourite is now available.

Get "HI-SPEED" to-day and make that greasy stove like new again. Easy and quick to use. All stores.

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To Relieve Kidney Disorders

Take half a teaspoonful of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts in a glass of warm water on rising. Try them to-day and get relief to-morrow. At all chemists and stores, 1/6 and 2/6.

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MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—
if he is listless or won't eat—give
him **BARKO** Condition Powders.
Scratching is often a sign
of itches. Give **BARKO**
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1/6 ALL CHEMISTS Lotions to affected parts.

HAEMORRHOIDS

Why go on suffering pain and discomfort? For quick and lasting relief, start immediately a course of **Amelia Haworth's Haemorrhoid Treatment**. A time-tested proven formula. Many years' successes. Course 12/6, post free, from **AMELIA HAWORTH**, 177 Collins St., Melbourne, and 88 Castlereagh St., Sydney (Tel. B3871).

QUICK BISCUITS

● Easy-to-make biscuits win first prize for schoolgirl in this week's recipe contest.

THE simplest recipe can frequently be as great a culinary triumph as the most elaborate.

Keep this in mind when entering your favorite in our popular recipe competition. And remember details of seasoning and baking are important.

QUICK OATMEAL BISCUITS

Half cup flour, 1 cup oatmeal or rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons butter, little milk.

Mix flour, salt, and oatmeal or rolled oats. Rub in the butter. Mix to a dry dough with a little milk. Roll out to a thin sheet and cut into desired shapes. Bake in a quick oven on a greased tray 8 to 10 minutes. Delicious eaten hot with butter and grated cheese. Good with salads, or spread with peanut butter or minced apple and date, sandwiched and packed for luncheon. May be served as a dinner biscuit with cheese and celery.

First Prize of £1 to Joy Dunning, Eucalong, Nimitabel, N.S.W.

EGGS AND MUSHROOMS IN CHEESE SAUCE

One quarter cup fat, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 6 sliced hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup sliced mushrooms.

Melt fat, mix in flour and seasonings. Stir until smooth. Add the milk, and stir until slightly thickened. Add cheese and cook slowly until melted, stirring constantly. Fold in sliced eggs and mushrooms, and heat thoroughly. Pile on to buttered toast, and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Dowling, Box 44, G.P.O., Sydney.

BANANA GINGERBREAD SHORTCAKE

Quarter cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup treacle, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter or substitute with



PARTY FARE in buffet setting. Note the sweets: Chocolate pear flan, cherry blancmange, rhubarb, and strawberry mould... all concocted from simple basic recipes. Garnishings lend an air of festivity.

the sugar. Add portion of the sifted dry ingredients. Beat in the treacle blended with the well-beaten eggs and soda dissolved in the milk. Add balance of dry ingredients. Pour the mixture into a well-greased cake-tin, and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes. When cool, cut into squares. Split each square, and spread lower half with sliced or mashed banana, replace top half of square and top with mashed banana. May then be sprinkled with nuts or spread with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. James, Cygoot, Tas.

FRUIT GINGERBREAD LOAF

Three cups flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 4oz. butter, or substitute, 1 egg, 1 cup cooked stewed apples (free from syrup), 1 cup treacle, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, ginger, and soda. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg and cooked apples. Warm the treacle, combine with the milk, and add gradually to the creamed butter and sugar. Fold in the sifted dry ingredients, and pour into a well-greased ring-tin. Bake 35 to 45 minutes in a moderate oven. When cold, may be iced with lemon icing and decorated with citron peel.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Blunt, James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

From 5 to 7 o'clock

Continued from page 30

EGGS A LA KING

Six hard-boiled eggs, 1lb. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons chopped capicum (red or green), 1oz. butter, 2½ cups smooth white sauce, 2 tablespoons browned crumbs.

Slice the eggs. Peel the mushrooms, wash, slice, including stems, and sauté for a few minutes with the capicum in the butter. Place eggs in greased casserole. Combine mushrooms, capicum, and sauce. May be seasoned further with 1 tablespoon dry sherry. Pour sauce over eggs. Top with browned crumbs. Keep hot in oven until required. Serve with hot buttered toast or Melba toast, or buttered brown bread cut very thinly and rolled. For four.

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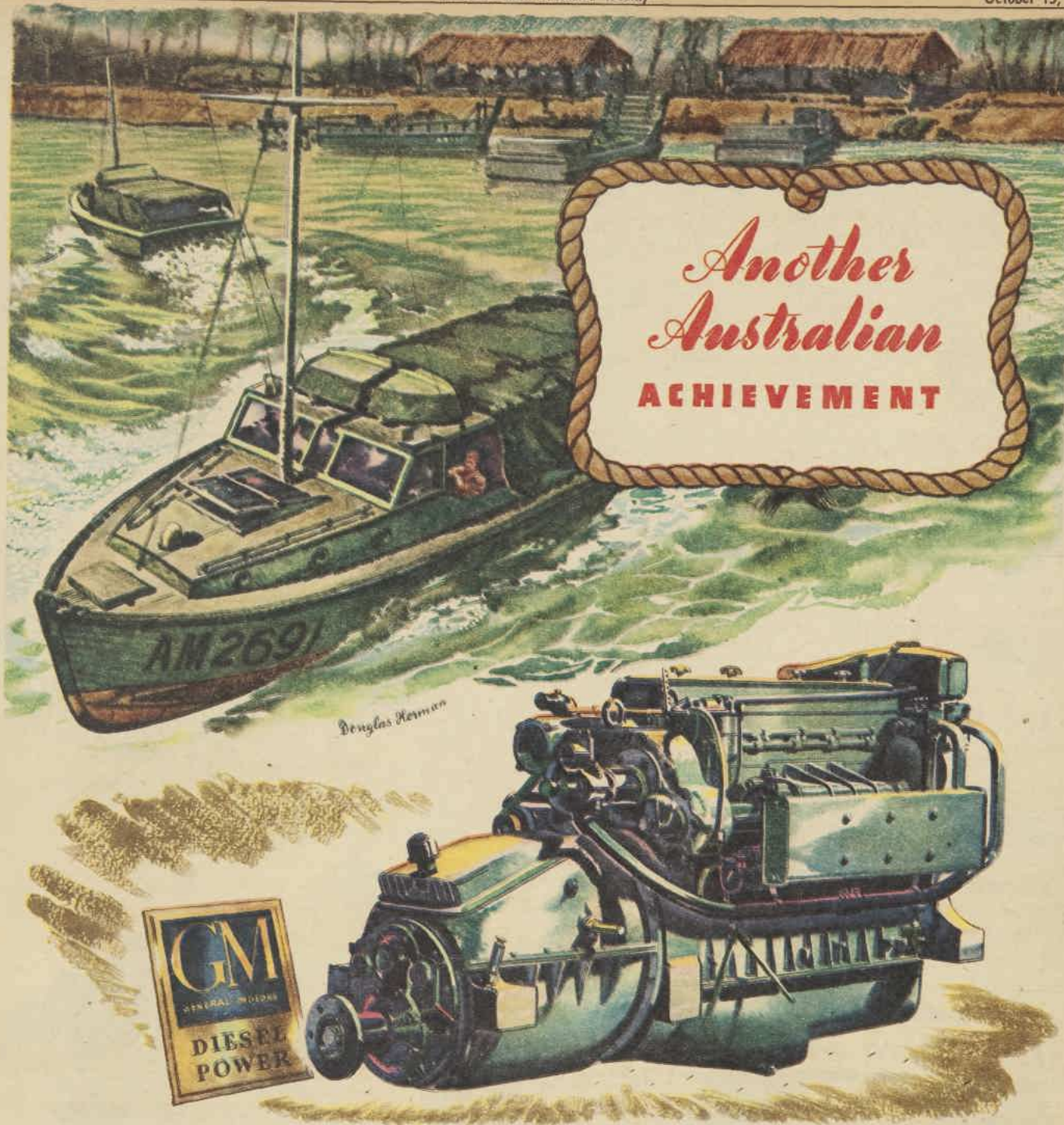
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